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A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

FOUNDED IN 1865.

[Entered at the New York City Post Office as second-class mail matter.]

The Nation is published and owned by the New York Evening Post Co. Oswald Garrison Villard, President; William J. Pattison, Treasurer; Paul Elmer More, Editor.

Three dollars per year in advance, postpaid, in any part of the United States or Mexico; to Canada $3.50, and to foreign countries comprised in the Postal Union $4.00.

Address THE NATION, Box 794, New York.

Publication Office, 20 Vesey Street.

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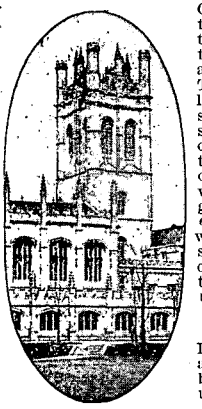

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, APRIL 14, 1910.

The Week.

Attorney-General Wickersham's speech at Chicago last Saturday night might easily have been made a source of great strength to the President. It is an able statement of the most meritorious points in the work of the Administration, and it appeals, in several directions, to sentiments and purposes which have, at the present time, a powerful hold upon the nation. But all these elements of strength in the speech were made of doubtful efficacy by the repetition, in an exceptionally offensive form, of that wholly unnecessary blunder which has been the prime source of the President's troubles. Up to the time when Mr. Taft began his speech-making tour last summer with a laudation of Aldrich and followed this up with a blanket endorsement of the Payne-Aldrich tariff in his famous speech at Winona, he had lost but little, in any part of the country, of the hold upon public support with which he began his Administration. It was an almost fatuous error to insist on tying himself up irrevocably with the work of the Cannon-Aldrich machine; and now, Mr. Wickersham with one hand strikes a manful blow for the Administration on the side of its general performance, and at the same time with the other hand binds it closer than ever to the obnoxious tariff by branding all Republican opponents of it as traitors.

Mr. Wickersham closed his speech with a reassertion of the Administration's position on the Trust question. It is most sincerely to be hoped that errors in the treatment of party divisions will not be permitted to stand in the way of cordial support of the Administration in its efforts to deal with this great problem. Along this line there was greatest reason to hope for substantial progress from a man of Mr. Taft's training and temper, and in Mr. Wickersham he has had a legal co-worker of very high ability. The note sounded both by him and by Mr. Taft has been a clear one, and it has been consistently adhered to. The task which they have undertaken in this one field is sufficient to engage their highest powers, and to tax the resources of their energy and resolution. Instead of demanding unanimous and mechanical assent upon every feature of the party's programme and the party's record, let them realize the supreme importance of accomplishing a solid achievement in the curbing of the great monopolies. If they can but place this to their credit, they will have no need to worry. As Mr. Wickersham truly says, this issue "overshadows in importance all others in the minds of the people."

The baiting of Uncle Joe has become a bi-weekly recreation for the Democratic-insurgent alliance in the House, and, on the whole, it must be sadly admitted that the Speaker is far from being the "game sport" popular tradition has made him out. He lost his temper in the course of the memorable fight on the Rules Committee and vented his spite against the men who had downed him, in a speech that was tart, even for Mr. Cannon. Last Monday, after the House had refused to vote him an automobile for traversing Washington's vast official distances, he lost his temper again and scolded the Democrats and harangued the faithful, quite in the old-time cart-tail tradition. Does the Speaker really think that the great man whom he is so proud of resembling would act like that in the same circumstances? Has he forgotten Lincoln's capacity for receiving punishment with a smile? Anger in a politician is at best an unseemly thing. It is particularly to be avoided when it gets to a man's head and makes him talk sheer nonsense. "I want to notify you," said the Speaker Monday, "that unless during this and the next session of Congress—this Congress expires on March 4—the Republicans on this side that do not approve of the personality of their Speaker have the courage to join with a solid minority, I will remain Speaker until March 4 next." Unless? Hasn't the "unless" already hit Mr. Cannon, and hit him hard?

We would not conceal our disappointment at the findings of the military court which investigated the shooting-up of Brownsville by members of the Twenty-fifth Infantry. As our readers are aware, we have always felt that the facts pointed the other way, and that Senator Foraker's statement of the case was unanswerable. Now, the verdict of a court composed of officers of unusual ability and standing finds that the shots did come from the barracks, recommends the reënlistment of only fourteen men, and severely censures the officers of the offending battalion as well as the men. As there are veterans like Brig.-Gen. A. S. Daggett, himself commander of the Twenty-fifth before Santiago, who are still strongly convinced of the men's innocence, we can only think that this *cause célèbre* must go down to history as little settled in the popular mind as is the Schley-Sampson controversy. Certainly, the wonder will never end that 275 colored men could enter into a magnificent conspiracy of silence and maintain it all these years after their discharge from the service. So far as the officers are concerned, the *Nation* pointed out at the time that, if the battalion was guilty, they were far more culpable than the men—but they were allowed to go scot free. And nothing that the present or any other tribunal may say will convince us that the wholesale discharge of innocent and guilty alike was defensible in morals or in law.

Gov. Crothers has refused assent to the Digges disfranchising bills passed in the closing days of the Maryland Legislature. With the disfranchising project, taken in itself, he is in entire sympathy; but he has yielded to the force of the arguments against the revolutionary scheme of accomplishing this object of excluding negroes from registration, in direct defiance of the Fifteenth Amendment, upon the wild expectation, real or pretended, that the Supreme Court would hold this part of the Constitution invalid, at least so far as Maryland State elections are concerned. The proposed disfranchising amendment to the State Constitution—which is likewise in contravention of the Fifteenth Amendment—will go to the people, with Gov. Crothers's approval, for ratification or rejection in November, 1911; but the Governor announces his purpose of obtaining, in some way, by means of a test case, a Supreme Court

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decision as to its validity before it goes into effect. If the thing was to be tried at all, this is a decent and orderly way to go about it; and when it is all over, the gentlemen who can't sleep o'nights on account of the danger to white supremacy in Maryland will have the pleasant consciousness of having done what they could to ease their minds, without causing any very great amount of mischief.

Nothing we have ever heard of equals the selfishness and insatiability of the pension hog—not even the similar traits of the tariff hog. When Mr. Roosevelt let down the bars and pensioned every veteran who had served ninety days whether in a fort in Boston or a camp in Indiana or at a recruiting station in New York or elsewhere, one naturally supposed that the utmost limits of this raiding of the Treasury and rewarding of worthy and unworthy had been reached. Now, however, Congress is actually pensioning the criminally unworthy. On Tuesday of last week an effort was made in the House Committee on Military Affairs to pass forty-three bills to relieve as many deserters from their ineligibility for pensions. Fortunately this scheme was defeated. But both the House and Senate Committees have recommended for a pension one John Gray, who, prior to his desertion, had served one thousand miles from the seat of war and never enlisted until December 20, 1864, when most of the fighting was over. As the minority of the House Committee rightly declared:

> Desertion is among the most serious offences known to military law, and is rarely entitled to the consideration of Congress. This is not one of the cases that should be condoned. If it is done, Congress will, in effect, say that the faithless soldier shall enjoy the same substantial reward that is given to the man who served loyally and was discharged with honor. It is an insult to the latter to force him into the society of the former.

The United States Steel Corporation has not been deterred by the abuse showered upon it by Mr. Gompers and other union leaders from taking an advanced and admirable position in regard to Sunday labor. Of their own accord, the officers of the Corporation have curtailed the hours of weekly labor at all steel works, rolling mills, shops, quarries, and docks controlled by them. As they have no less than 200,000 men on their payroll, the far-reaching character of this change is as obvious as the fact that it means a large increase in the annual net cost of operation. In Allegheny County alone 13,000 men are said to work seven days in the week, year in year out. Most of this Sunday labor has heretofore been defended as unavoidable, and it is not yet to be wholly done away with. But there is so much just criticism of corporations in their various capacities that it seems to us only proper to draw especial attention to an unselfish and enlightened act like this one of President Gary and his subordinates.

In reference to the rehearing of the Standard Oil and Tobacco cases, there are two points upon which there will be general agreement. The first is that the extraordinary importance of the expected decision fully justifies the endeavor to have a full court participate in making it; the second, that it is most earnestly to be hoped that the delay in making the decision will be the shortest possible. At the same time, it is not out of place to remark that while the pendency of any decision of such character and scope must be to some degree a disturbing factor in financial affairs, there is no sign of any such paralysis of capital as the sensitive imagination always manifest in some quarters seems to picture. A good deal of activity has recently been displayed in capitalist circles, even when the decision was expected momentarily; and both industry and trade will keep fairly alive, we fancy, during the new period of suspense caused by the Supreme Court's resolve for a rehearing.

More than ever does the noble, embattled Interstate Commerce Commission deserve the thanks of an injured people. Its members have won their niches in the Hall of Fame by reducing the cost of upper berths in the Pullman cars. Throughout the country, the men who prefer lower berths will rise up and call the Commissioners blessed. Henceforth it will be possible to board a train at any hour of the night and learn from the porter that there is a lower berth left, instead of hearing the familiar story of there being but one upper to rent. The men who say that they prefer the upper berth to a lower because of the better ventilation need no longer offer this or any other excuse. While we hardly go so far as some of our contemporaries in believing that this decision will induce railways having no bridges or tunnels on their lines to build taller cars with upper and uppermost berths, we at least feel confident that some reform of the upper berth will now come to pass—that is, if the company is enlightened and believes in meeting what will be a great popular demand.

Just what the supremacy of the air means nobody yet quite knows; but assuming that it means something, and is therefore of transcendent importance, Germany has been pointing with pride to her winged superiority over France. In that country there is a sharp division of opinion. The commander-in-chief of the French army believes, for instance, that not everything that goes up in the air deserves serious consideration from a military point of view. He has little faith in dirigible balloons, of which Germany has many, and is an ardent advocate of the aeroplane, in regard to which France is ahead of her rival. There is, however, a timid faction in France which insists on being impressed by the superiority of the German air fleet. As representing such opinion, the Paris *Temps* has offered to build for the Government, by popular subscription, a fleet of six air-machines, consisting of two dirigibles, a Wright biplane, two Farman biplanes, and a Blériot monoplane. The offer has been accepted by Presidential decree, and one of the most staid and conservative of Parisian newspapers has secured a valuable amount of advertising which the most enterprising American "yellow" might envy.

The spectacle of a well-to-do traveller in search of health being taken from a steamer because he is suffering from tuberculosis, and sent to Ellis Island, is enough to make everybody blush with shame. Not because he is rich, and not because the action is in any sense illegal, for the law forbids the landing of one suffering from this disease; but because it puts the United States in the ghastly position of denying to a seeker after health the benefits of certain regions particularly salutary in such cases. What would become of the pulmonary invalids of Europe should Switzerland

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deny to the thousands who seek them the benefits of its altitudes? What an outcry would go up all over the world if Switzerland should say, "We have enough consumptives of our own," or if the Black Forest should be reserved only for Germans, with signs reading "Americans, English, and other nationalities not admitted." In the case under consideration, the possession of means does make a difference, in that the patient can prove that he will not be a burden to the community. These matters may present difficulties, but some way out must be found. It is barbarous to deny to any one fighting for life the boon of a sojourn in Arizona, New Mexico, or Colorado.

'It is in the main both gratifying and reassuring to note the manner in which the recent adjustment of our tariff dispute with Canada is received in that country. A certain element, bound to be heard from on such occasions, is, of course, inclined to crow over our "backing down" and accepting minimum rates on "only 3 per cent." of our exports to the Dominion; while another faction, made up of Sir Wilfrid Laurier's critics, taunt him with having made concessions to President Taft. Most Canadians, however, appear to be inclined to answer in the affirmative Sir Wilfrid's pertinent question, "Is not the peace which we have with our neighbors worth all the nuts and prunes in creation?" though, at the same time, these supporters of the Canadian Premier point to the fact that he has kept his vow never again to go to Washington with his hat in his hand as he did, only to be rebuffed, in 1897. But one of the most significant utterances we have read comes from the Ottawa correspondent of the Boston *Evening Transcript*, who says:

> The right men are to the fore in both countries. They have already agreed to negotiate further. Now is the time to bring into evidence all factors of American opinion that favor reciprocity. A deep, new impression might be made before Mr. Roosevelt's reappearance shall temporarily distract public attention.

This, it is only fair to add, was written before even the first returns had been received from Rome.

We have been asked by the National Progresista Party of the Philippines to approve their demand for an "express and solemn declaration that it is the unswerving purpose and intention of the people of the United States to vote the Filipino people their independence" and "that American sovereignty over these islands is temporary." This we do most gladly, since we have been urging nothing else from the beginning of the Philippine experiment. The Progresista party is the oldest and best organized one in the Philippines, dating back to 1901. It claims to have aided the Government in pacifying the islands and establishing civil government therein. Like all the other Filipinos, its members long for national independence, and see a particular menace in the attitude of a majority of the Americans in the Philippines, who maintain that perpetual American sovereignty is the only means to induce the investment of American as well as foreign capital. Hence their appeal in national convention on February 6 for a definite pledge by the United States Government. They ought to have it, and at this session of Congress. We are aware that the Administration at Washington is anxious to get capital into the Philippines. By throwing open the sale of the friars' lands in violation of the spirit of the organic law of the islands, it hopes to lure in the Trusts. The Governor-General, Mr. Forbes, has been doing his best to get American capital to flow in. All office-holders there are like Mr. Taft, certain that it would be very unwise to set a specific date for our withdrawal. But what the Progresista party asks is a positive binding national promise that we shall some day grant independence. This is the least that we can do for the Filipinos, and if we do not do it our own country will have deep cause to regret its inaction.

The new régime in Belgium has happily lost little time in taking up the question of reform in the Congo. Tuesday morning King Albert is reported to have given his sanction to the plans elaborated by the Minister of Colonies for throwing open a wide area in the Congo to free trade within the next few months. In name, of course, free trade prevails in the former Free State, in accordance with treaties under which it was founded. Actually, a great part of the country has been parcelled out into concessions which, as far as foreign commerce is concerned, have been so many closed preserves. The new regulations, therefore, must mean the abolition of the virtual monopoly established by the concessionary companies and a curtailing of the practically sovereign powers they have exercised. More important than the question of free trade to most of those who have been working for the demolition of the inhuman Leopoldian system in the Congo, is the provision that taxes are not only to be reduced, but are to be paid in money and not in forced labor. The labor tax has been one of the chief iniquities visited upon the unhappy natives. In conjunction with the seizure of the native lands by the Government, the labor tax has been responsible for the rapid depopulation of the country. A necessary complement of the tax was the systematic warfare which the authorities carried on against the natives in order to extort the maximum quantity of rubber. If forced labor is done away with, the restitution of the native lands is bound to follow. Then it must be only a question how soon the reforms can be extended to the whole of the Congo.

Whatever measures it may adopt in combating the agitation for electoral reform, the Prussian Government only emphasizes the indefensible stupidity of its own position. After resorting to the mailed fist to suppress suffrage demonstrations and only bringing on riot in all the principal towns, the Prussian authorities have decided for conciliation; as a result, 120,000 Social Democratic and Radical voters of Berlin paraded last Sunday and in huge open-air meetings voiced the people's demand for electoral reform. Never has German discipline shown to such splendid advantage. The paraders moved to the various starting points in companies of a hundred under command of a centurion distinguished by a red band about his arm. The huge assemblage gathered about fourteen duly numbered speakers' platforms in Treptow Park. Speaking began at the sound of the bugle and ceased at the same signal. A bugle sound accompanied the clamorous acceptance of the drafted resolutions, and the crowds dispersed as peaceably as they had assembled. Is it for fear of a *sansculotte* régime that the Prussian Government refuses to give the masses a real vote? If ever a people was fit to rule itself, it is this loyal, splendidly-disciplined German people.

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MR. TAFT'S DIFFICULTIES.

For President Taft's position, both in relation to his own party and in relation to the country, it would be difficult to find a parallel. From his cancelling of his engagement to speak at Indianapolis, after the Indiana Republican platform had ignored him and the Payne-Aldrich tariff, it is evident that he himself sees the peculiarity of the situation; and it becomes accordingly pertinent to consider the qualities of temper, character, and habit that have brought things to this pass.

That Mr. Taft's proverbial—or, as some might now say, notorious—good-nature has been to him one prolific source of these perplexities and disappointments, is quite certain. But this is by no means a complete explanation. It is doubtless largely owing to his good-nature that Mr. Taft accepts innumerable invitations to college commencements, class reunions, miscellaneous dinners, and what not; and doubtless, too, this constant travelling up and down the land, this dining and speech-making to no special purpose, must have done a great deal to weaken that grip on the main elements of the national situation which is a chief requisite of the Presidency. But though good-nature may account for the enormous mileage of his travels, and for the number of his speeches, it does not account for the character of the speeches. To a large extent his troubles have been due to a habit of ignoring the difference between the utterances of the President of the United States and those of William H. Taft as an individual. Whatever his heart inclines him to say on the tariff, on the navy, on Speaker Cannon, on Senator Aldrich, that he says to his eighty million fellow-citizens. It was not necessary for him to shoulder the responsibility of the Payne-Aldrich tariff; it was not necessary for him to give Aldrich a certificate of high character; it was not necessary for him to range himself alongside Speaker Cannon. The Presidency of the United States is a heavy load to carry; but one burden that it does not impose is that of defending the acts of Congress or the actions of the leaders of Congress. The country at large felt very strongly that the tariff act was a betrayal of the people's confidence; Mr. Taft might possibly feel that it was well enough, but no more than that, and if he had only had the homely wisdom to leave well enough alone, he would have been spared nearly all his troubles and mortifications.

Mr. Taft's conspicuous championship of the tariff act and his laudation of Aldrich are, we are fully prepared to believe, in great part the result of qualities in themselves admirable. His habit of judicial impartiality, and that simple frankness which is so engaging a trait of his personality, both had their share in the matter. He put himself in Aldrich's place. "Could the master of the Senate," we imagine Mr. Taft saying to himself, "the recognized repository of the high-protection interests, be expected to yield everything? Of course not. From the Aldrich standpoint, what more could I have expected than I got? It is true that I wanted the tariff revised downward in a substantial way; but, on the other hand, the platform never mentioned the word 'downward' at all. Now there *was* a downward reduction, and in some points a considerable one; Aldrich isn't half as black as he is painted. Indeed, from his standpoint, he acted very handsomely, and I am bound to tell the people that he is a good American patriot." But this capacity to see both sides of a question is not the prime quality either of a great executive officer or of an effective political leader. The desire to give the devil his due, and even a little more than his due, may be a very amiable thing in a private citizen, and it has its proper place even in the White House; but to make it anything like a dominant note in the Presidential programme is to invite disaster. The President may, without incurring criticism, refrain from passing judgment on questions that are in controversy; he cannot with impunity pass judgment that reflects neither any clear position of his own nor any marked aspect of public sentiment. Mr. Taft had stood, before and during the campaign, for a genuine revision of the tariff. If what he got was, to his mind, a satisfactory compromise, he may have been justified in accepting it without complaint, but it was deplorably bad judgment to make himself its sponsor before the nation.

Nearly three-fourths of Mr. Taft's term is still before him. There are great services which he is capable of rendering. His honesty and patriotism are universally recognized; his abilities in many directions are undoubted. He might, by making one simple change in his Presidential practice, go far toward recovering the ground he has lost. It is not incumbent on him to travel about the country making political speeches. That is no part of the tradition of the Presidency; the only President who ever indulged such a propensity in a conspicuous way was poor Andrew Johnson. Mr. Roosevelt's speech-making belonged to an entirely different category; he was preaching Rooseveltism all the time—a thing difficult to define, indeed, but, as every one will recognize, a thing as different as possible from the ordinary making of political speeches. Usually, Presidents, when they have found time to talk to their fellow-citizens in various parts of the country, have made remarks of a broad and general character, such as are gratefully received by all. If they have departed from this innocuous programme, it was for the sake of attracting the special attention of the country to some object singled out as of cardinal importance from the President's standpoint. The every-day work of explaining particular bills, defending particular individuals, or upholding particular details of the party's record, it is far better—as well as safer—to leave to the lesser figures of public life.

A shrewd adviser or two, with just those qualities of alertness and intensity that President Taft lacks, would seem to be an urgent necessity; men who would tell him that some things which are quite right in themselves are not worth while for the President of the United States, and that other things are immensely worth while and cannot be neglected. It does not seem that this sort of help, necessary to almost any President and peculiarly necessary to Mr. Taft, is at his disposal. If he is to recover his hold on the influence which, as President, he certainly hoped to wield, he must abandon the naïveté which has thus far characterized his conduct. His qualities of judicial fairness and of untrammelled communicativeness must be offset by enough worldly caution and enough political skill to give character to his dealings with political difficulties. With ample recourse to his undoubted privilege of keeping silent when he chooses, and with the aid of some long-headed practical adviser in those difficulties which he cannot

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afford to leave unsettled, the remaining three years of his Presidency might tell a tale very different from that of the first.

DEMOCRATIC AND ARISTOCRATIC SPORT.

For the average American, nothing is more abhorrent than the idea of caste which runs through the entire structure of English society, unless it be the ready and complacent acceptance by the individual Englishman of the system, even at the points where it implies and enforces his own patent inferiority. The term "gentleman," which every male American wears with aggressiveness as a chip on his shoulder, is, in England, nowhere so much a shibboleth as among those who would be the first to repel the imputation of gentility on their part. An American travelling in a continental railway carriage entered into conversation with a well-dressed and apparently well-bred Englishman. It appeared that the latter had at home a young son, concerning whose education and future career he displayed a natural solicitude. "I suppose," remarked the American, "that you will soon be sending your boy to one of your big schools, Harrow, Eton, or Rugby." Whereupon the Englishman turned with a look of some surprise, but without the slightest trace of embarrassment, and replied: "Oh, no, those are schools for the sons of gentlemen."

But the presence or absence of caste distinctions in a society is not the sole factor in determining whether that society is democratic or undemocratic. Where a man's position is clearly defined, he may mingle freely with those both above and below him in the social scale; but where official equality has levelled all distinctions, the deep-seated human instinct of exclusiveness is brought into full play as the sole means by which the few may assert their superiority, and secure their position against the manifold aspirations of the many. The result is that in America the eager desire for that superior range of associations which is the symbol of success, has produced a species of undemocratic snobbishness which only a democratic country could compass. An American took for a season or two a country seat in England, and joined the local hunt club. As it was the custom for each of the members in turn to entertain the hunt at a breakfast after the weekly meet, the American signified his wish of sharing in this hospitality. "Very well," replied the English friend to whom he had confided his ambition, "but you'll have to drop your American snobbishness. The Duke of ——, whose place is here, belongs to the hunt, and, since you are an American, of course you'll be glad to have him. But remember that you can't have him alone. You've got to have the butcher, the baker, and the candlestickmaker, too, whether you want them or not. For they are all members of the hunt, on precisely the same terms as His Grace, though he puts up the bulk of the money for the expenses."

There is no better illustration of the radical difference between English and American society, and of the more essential democracy of the former, than is provided by the organization of sport in the two countries. Every great national pastime affords a common meeting-ground for all classes of Englishmen. Noblemen, gentry, and yokels come together on numberless village greens each week for cricket, and, as players, there is no distinction between the highest and lowest. It has often been said that it was this admission of all classes into the sports and pastimes patronized by gentlemen, that, more than anything else, discounted the effects of the European revolutionary movement by the time it reached England. How was the "villain" to take arms against his local "overlord," for whom he defended the wicket each week? The vague, restless demand for equality was satisfied progressively as it arose, and before it had time to grow articulate with resentment. Sport has proved a cement for English society, and has created a sentiment of solidarity.

Would sport be found to have served the same purpose in this country, if the mutterings and rumblings of revolution were heard in the distance? Has a democratic conception and practice of sport tended to draw all classes together, to create an *esprit de corps* between, let us say, the steelworkers and the steel magnates, and thus to render the society of Homestead homogeneous? On the contrary, we believe that sport is tending rather to force the various sections of American society still further asunder. It is true that as a country in which sport is widely popular, America is second only to England. But here there are sports and sports—sports for the workers and sports for the leisure classes, sports for the fashionable and sports for the unfashionable. With few exceptions, these categories are kept separate and distinct. For the most part, the out-of-door pastimes of the leisure classes have been imported from England, and have been organized on a basis which precludes participation in them by any but the very rich. Thus pursuits like fox hunting, which, if not precisely popular in their origin, have, nevertheless, become strongly tinctured with the democratic spirit abroad, where any farm boy astride a plough horse is free to follow the hounds, have here been transformed into the most potent instrument of what the French call *snobisme*. This American sport is the fine flower and epitome of American exclusiveness, too sacred to be shared—except through the pages of the pictorial newspaper, the Sunday morning after a meet.

An American, whether the field of his activities be business, college, or society, is always fighting for his own hand. It does not occur to him to extend the scope of his recreation, so as to include a greater number of fellow participants. His only associates are those who, possessing the same tastes as himself, have means commensurate with his own for satisfying them. He is not one of a class, but of a group. The Englishman's idea of a class, to which he belongs and to which he assimilates his own personal idea of himself, crystallizes his social consciousness and imposes obligations and responsibilities at the same time that it confers privileges and immunities. An aristocracy may be more successful than a democracy, not in phrasing noble ideals of human brotherhood, but in achieving a good, practical working formula of equality.

AMERICANS AS LINGUISTS.

"English is the coming language," says a writer in the *Popular Science Monthly*. "And it is coming rapidly; for while it is difficult to learn thoroughly, in the matter both of style and pronunciation, it can readily be acquired with sufficient correctness for all commercial and practical purposes." Perhaps it is because we are waiting for the English language to complete its rapid conquest of the globe, that condi-

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tions at our universities are such as Prof. William James commented upon in our columns the other day with regard to Harvard. Speaking of the lecture course given at Cambridge by the distinguished French philosopher, Emile Boutroux, Professor James says:

> The Hyde foundation requires all lectures to be in the French tongue, and the first thing that has been disclosed is the appalling rarity of ability to understand spoken French, even in a centre of learning like Cambridge. M. Boutroux's auditors this year should preëminently have been our students of philosophy; but, victims of the deplorable manner in which they have been taught foreign languages, hardly half a dozen of them have shown their faces. Few even of our instructors follow a French lecture easily. . . . Their number proved so small that the bulk of the audience consisted of world's people from Boston and elsewhere.

The world's people, we take it, were mostly young women from the Back Bay district who had learned to prattle French at the knees of their governesses and benefited by extensive practice on foreign soil.

Professor James, like the writer in the *Popular Science Monthly*, is here pleading for a "practical" knowledge of the languages, as distinguished, we suppose, from a merely theoretical knowledge. For whether it is a question of selling cotton goods to a merchant in Buenos Ayres or listening intelligently to a lecture on Pragmatism in French, we are most of us in the habit of regarding the spoken word as more valuable—for what else can "practical" mean?—than the written or printed word. But it is not fair to dismiss the Harvard Ph.D. by speaking of the deplorable way in which he has been taught his foreign languages. If there must be Ph.D.'s—a necessity which has been seriously questioned—and if the Ph.D. finds it essential to learn a foreign language or two, it is still the fact that what he needs primarily is a reading knowledge of foreign languages, rather than a speaking knowledge or a listening knowledge. After all, the presence of a French or German lecturer among us is an exceptional phenomenon and is usually the result, as in the case of the Hyde lectureship and all other systems of exchange professorships, of interests other than academic. There are people who read French, or German with almost native ease, yet speak these languages with the greatest difficulty. Such a condition does not argue that your Ph.D. is unequipped for following up the latest records of foreign research in his department. It simply means that he has not had the advantages, and desirable advantages they are, of learning the language in childhood or of sojourning for a considerable time in foreign parts.

The separation between theoretical and practical acquaintance with a language is, in one sense, much narrower than is generally supposed. Theoretical knowledge may easily turn into practical knowledge by dint of a few months' practice with the spoken tongue. The man who reads French easily needs only to be set down in the Latin Quarter for a little while, in order to speak it "practically" and a bit more than that. Necessity will attune his ear to the exotic accent and bring his own large, but reluctant, vocabulary into readier call. If his talk is inclined to be bookish, we may yet be sure that it will jar less on the cultivated native ear than the broken-backed sentences of the average man who speaks from "practical" knowledge. After all, it requires no great linguistic attainments to go through a foreign country and order the kind of meals one likes. A pageful of phrases in Baedeker will serve the purpose. And there is always the one real international language that has found universal acceptance—gesture. You have only to recall how easily the Italian immigrant in New York can find his way to an address on Staten Island or in the Bronx, to see how comparatively easy it must be for a Pittsburgh millionaire to find his way to the Forum or Montmartre.

And in that fact is seen the essential weakness of the claim put forward for all the international languages that the revolving years see come and go. For commercial and practical purposes one does not really need very extensive lingual facility. After a man has acquired the technical training which qualifies him to sell cotton goods on an extensive scale, anywhere, he should find no great difficulty in qualifying himself to sell cotton goods in Argentina. As a matter of fact, we venture the guess that every great trade has its *lingua franca*, which passes current over entire continents, and which meets all the purposes of Esperanto, Ido, Ilo, and their kin. There is, to be sure, a higher form of salesmanship which consists in entering into social intimacy with a man and taking him to the theatre before you sell him a large bill of goods. But that again presupposes Esperanto established in the theatre, in the newspapers, in literature, in every other field of social intercourse.

This, however, is somewhat beside the point. It means comparatively little for our national culture that our people should know how to speak the foreign tongues. It means very much that a reading knowledge of the foreign languages should spread among us. After all, what most of us want from the foreign peoples is their recorded literature and science. We can get what we want of Europe's sights and foods by following Mr. Cook, or by pointing, like the millionaire in the story, to the bill-of-fare.

GLAMOUR AND PICTURE PRICES.

By a curious coincidence a splendid Correggio, probably the finest example of this rare master that can ever come into the market, is now going begging in New York at about the price paid for the dearest of the Corots in the Yerkes sale. It would not be difficult to find fifty Corots as fine as the Fisherman; in fact, it has no appreciable superiority over its companion-piece, which at the same sale fell some twenty-eight thousand dollars short of the new Corot record. A finer example than either barely passed $20,000. These facts show that auction prices, so far from serving as standards, are determined chiefly by non-economic and sentimental reasons. Mere rarity counts only in part. It would explain the astounding price of $129,000 paid for Turner's bewitching Rockets and Blue-Lights. An example of this peculiar charm may never again come into the market. For the $137,000 paid for a magnificent portrait by Frans Hals rarity is an insufficient explanation. With a little diligence it would not be difficult to obtain as fine a Hals for half the money. Note also that a number of pictures of very doubtful authenticity were bought at sensational figures, often by dealers, and you will see that Mr. Kirby was all the while knocking down something other than the stock in hand.

What he was knocking down was, of course, the notoriety of the Yerkes name and the legend of the collection itself.

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The pictures appeared quite incidentally in the transaction, being not really the object, but merely the occasion, of the competition. Just as the sturdy Joneses when they move up in the world become the Grandison-Joneses, so these simple Corots and Halses and Turners are now become the Yerkes-Corots, the Yerkes-Halses, the Yerkes-Turners. In many instances the dealers have paid double the normal value of certain pictures because they know that this hyphen can be resold for a substantial profit. Art is proverbially long, but unhyphenized pictures rarely fetch the long prices. Whether the Yerkes legend was worth what was paid for it last week is an idle inquiry. At least it was efficacious and psychologically well compounded. Its ingredients were hints of Oriental splendor and domestic infelicity, titanic industrial operations in two continents just shaving at times the criminal code, a magnificent gift of the legendary collections to New York promptly annulled by circumstances, and above all the glamour of ruthless force and unbounded money-spending. It is an edifying thought for those who rightly appreciate the importance of money that the legend of opulence is no idle elaboration of the imagination, but, may posthumously be converted into new cash values.

But note that the unction of the legend can be communicated only to prepared minds. In this respect it borders on religion, which assumes a predisposition in the devotee. In other words, even notorious wealth can impose value only upon objects which already have the consecration of admitted expensiveness. We are used to thinking of Corots in five figures. As costly objects they are classic, like yachts or racing stables. Had not a recent sensational sale accustomed us to thinking of Frans Hals in six figures, it is doubtful if that dour old lady with the rheumatic hands would have made her amazing record.

Who ever heard of Baldassare Peruzzi? He merely built some of the most beautiful palaces in the world—we hate to think how the Yerkes house would strike him—and, after his greater contemporaries, Raphael and Michelangelo, he was the best painter in Rome. Well, a big and unwieldy picture by him somehow drifted into the Yerkes collection, and see how posterity rebuked that eager amateur for presuming to adventure beyond our common knowledge: this stately picture fetched $600, which, being interpreted, is about thirty dollars a square foot, the frame thrown in. One of the fine products of the culmination of modern painting could not even find a museum imaginative enough to harbor it. But nobody ever called this artist "Papa Baldassare," nor did he ever explain how he felt when rosy dawn began to appear. In general, the late Mr. Yerkes was both adventuresome and conventional in his tastes. Where he was incorrigibly original his estate has paid the penalty. He acquired some thirty Eastern rugs of the rarest and most beautiful type, and simply because the town does not yet know how expensive rugs ought to be, these fell far short of their value, and presumably were a losing investment. Let us hope that their owner drew his current profits in enjoyment of these gorgeously lovely fabrics.

It would be foolish to moralize too narrowly the somewhat grotesque phenomena presented by this kind of an auction. More reasonably one may recall that the matter lies apart from taste and a little apart from reason itself. Like many other illogical spectacles, it may be enjoyed even where it defies analysis. What is important to note is, psychologically, that we are in the realm of sheer glamour, and, practically, that the prices have very little to do either with the intrinsic or the normal market value of pictures. We have to do, in short, with an enthusiasm quite isolated, and potent chiefly because of the relative ignorance of those whom it affects. The Yerkes sale is a sign of expansion in our art market—indubitably so—but not of advance in knowledge and in taste. Lest we forget the odd romanticism of it all, let us recall the apology made by certain advanced critics when the Impressionist painters were blamed for effacing all definite objects in landscape. These painters, said the critics, are not painting objects at all, but the atmosphere intervening between the objects and the eye. Similarly, there are occasions when not pictures are sold, but the intervening glamour and notoriety. Among such occasions, the Yerkes sale should long be memorable.

JEAN MORÉAS.

PARIS, April 2.

A whole poetic revival comes to an end in France with the death of Jean Moréas. It had many phases—those of his own intense intellectual life. For nine years after 1882 he was the exponent most followed of the new "symbolist" poetry. In 1891, with a poem of which only the title, "Passionate Pilgrim," was taken from Shakespeare, he proclaimed the death of Symbolism and swung his followers round to verse older than Ronsard, old as the troubadours, a blend of Latin with Gaul, forming a "Romanic" school—*école romane*. Then, with the years, he came to be a pure classic, wrote his "Stanzas" (1899), and put the "Iphigeneia" of Euripides into the French of Racine.

This may be not as interesting as French politics, but it is more wonderful, more picturesque, all the more so as Jean Moréas was a Greek of Athens and was naturalized a Frenchman only a little before his death. And then foreign critics still go on speaking of Symbolism as if it were an existing school of French poetry, whereas this Athenian leader of French youth effectually assassinated it years ago; and he helped more than any other to put in its place something more French (and more Greek), which has survived until now.

The real name of Jean Moréas was Papadiamantopoulos, an heroic name of Byron's Greece fighting for independence. One of his family burned the Turkish ships at Canaris, another was killed at Missolonghi. His father was one of the young independent Greeks whom their German king Otho had educated in his native Munich. The education brought him to be a magistrate of the supreme court of the new kingdom; but he decided that his son's upbringing should be French. Jean's governess had connections with the classic French stage, so that he was initiated from childhood into the great traditions of the language. This, of course, could never give him that wilful power over a language which belongs only to those whose baby efforts at self-expression have won them an unconscious mastery of it as a part of their very life. Such supple, living language is the outcome of the child's struggle, while reason is forming, with parents and nursemaids and teachers and playmates; and no foreigner can ever acquire it. But Moréas had next best: the clear and easy use of polite language from childhood, with such a knowledge of book French through all the ages as astonished Gaston Paris himself. And poetry is written for books, and so he was fit to lead the Latin Quarter lambs into new poetic pastures.

He came to study law in Paris after the war; but young minds were seething, and he frequented the lectures

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which his father hoped would form him, far less than the literary cafés. He knew the Hydropathes, where Jean Richepin was beginning a tempestuous career, ending in noble verse. When he was twenty-six he took his own flight in an ephemeral review which declared itself representative of the new Latin Quarter. His revolutionary manifestoes and extraordinary verses did as much as anything else to organize the revolt of the young poets against the weakly correct Parnassians who survived, and against the Realists who were trying to bring Zola's theories into art.

Dark, heavily moustached, with the air of a palikar of Greek independence, he had all that was needed to make him a leader. It was a sight to see him march into his café with his young troop of poets at his heels, wheeling short before the glass, lost in contemplation before his figure, while the others stood mute, and then twirling his moustache with an emphatic "I am beautiful!" as he sat solemnly down to his little rum-and-water. Few understood the recondite joke which had its salt from Plato's teaching that a leader must be beautiful as well as good—*kalokagathos*.

It was half play-actoring and altogether in earnest. Of course, Verlaine took up with the band, and Moréas addressed him in the memorable lines of which the easiest are:

Divin Tityre, âme légère comm' troupe
De satyreaux ballant par bonds!

Anatole France, who was then more critic than writer, remarked that the poetry of the new symbolists was not always clear. The essential was that each idea should be expressed by an image, its symbol. This was playing at poetry; but when Moréas brought out his "Passionate Pilgrim," he was at once recognized as a poet who had come to stay in the French language and literature. The language would have been archaic even to Ronsard; and Frenchmen learned quantities of words which had slipped from use, and yet had not lost their strength. Symbolism was now dead, and the cry was how to pick up and weave together again the scattered strands of old and true French verse. Maurice Barrès next remarked that Moréas was a "grammarian poet."

This a foreigner might well be; but Jean Moréas had nourished his youth and manhood on the choicest works of his native Greece. He was like the young student of the Ionian Islands, whom an Oxford professor assured that no modern Greek was a competent Greek scholar. "That, sir, is worth debating; and, that the discussion may be more satisfactory, let us carry it on in classic Greek." And, to the discomfiture of the Englishman, whose Greek was mainly in dictionaries and other philology, the young man wrote out on the cabin table of the boat bearing them to Athens his plea for the living use as against texts annotated by Northern barbarians. It was Greek that Thucydides might easily have understood. So Jean Moréas brought a living Euripides into France. It was under rehearsal at the Comédie-Française when he died.

In his later work he was all that is correct and clear and fluid in classic French poetry. This allowed his thought to pierce through fantasies of language; and, really, he has written some of the recent poetry which may live longest. Doubtless, it is the volume of "Stances" in which his thought, best adapted to such short compass, will be sought. Here is his comment on Pindar's answer to the enduring question, "What is man's day of life? A shadow's dream!"

Ne dites pas: La vie est un joyeux festin.
Ou c'est d'un esprit sot, ou c'est d'une âme basse.
Surtout ne dites point: Elle est malheur sans fin.
C'est d'un mauvais courage et qui trop tôt se lasse.

Riez, comme au printemps s'agitent les rameaux,
Pleurez comme la bise ou le flot sur la grève,
Goûtez tous les plaisirs et souffrez tous les maux,
Et dites: C'est beaucoup et c'est l'ombre d'un rêve.

S. D.

THE AMERICAN ORIENTAL SOCIETY.

PHILADELPHIA, April 5.

The 122d meeting of the American Oriental Society, which took place in Baltimore at the Johns Hopkins University March 31-April 2, was well attended, although some of the most active members, like the past president, Professor Lanman, and the recording secretary, Professor Jackson, were prevented from coming, and another past president, Prof. E. W. Hopkins, could be present at only one of the sessions. Particularly noticeable was the large proportion of young scholars, whose presence and participation promise well for the continued scientific activity of the Society. At the business meeting preceding the reading of papers Prof. Maurice Bloomfield of the Johns Hopkins University was elected president for the ensuing year. Profs. Paul Haupt, Henry Hyvernat, and C. C. Torrey were elected vice-presidents. The other officers and directors were reëlected, except that the retiring president, Dr. W. Hayes Ward of New York takes the place on the board made vacant by the advancement of Professor Bloomfield to the presidency.

On the conclusion of the business meeting Dr. Ward delivered his presidential address, choosing as his subject "Oriental Sources of Greek Mythology." The address was based on Dr. Ward's elaborate studies of the seal cylinders of Western Asia, which were recently brought to fruition by his two publications, the catalogue of the 323 cylinders in J. Pierpont Morgan's valuable collection and the comprehensive work on seal cylinders just issued by the Carnegie Institution. Dr. Ward showed how, chiefly through the mediation of the Hittites of central and northern Asia Minor, conceptions connected with some of the chief deities—notably Aphrodite—among the Greeks had been modified. Symbols of these deities, such as the dove of Aphrodite, the thunderbolt of Zeus, and even the trident of Poseidon, were traced back to their Oriental sources. Dr. Ward is also inclined to ascribe a considerable share of Hittite influence on Babylonia and Assyria, and would trace to this source the phase of the Babylonian-Assyrian Ishtar associated with sexual love.

The reading of papers began on Friday morning and was continued on Friday afternoon and Saturday morning. In all, forty-seven papers were presented, though a number of these were read by title only, owing to the absence of their authors. While the preponderance of papers this year was in the field of Semitic philology, the Indo-Iranian group was also well represented. Professor Bloomfield gave some specimens of his forthcoming work on "Repetitions in the Rig-Veda," which he has prepared as one of the supplements to his great "Vedic Concordance." The total number of repeated stanzas and single-verse lines in the Rig-Veda ranges into the thousands. Through these, a valuable aid to the interpretation of lines and to the relative chronology of the hymns is furnished. Thus, in passages where the more obvious translation of a certain term has been assumed to be "poor," the specification in one of the repeated lines shows that the correct rendering is "poet," which incidentally illustrated that in ancient India, as in our own days, there was a natural association between poverty and the professional writer of poetry. George W. Brown, a pupil of Professor Bloomfield's, presented an exhaustive study of the common Sanskrit *prāna* and *apāna*, which resulted in fixing the meaning as thoracic and abdominal breath, respectively, instead of in-breathing and out-breathing or *vice versa*, respectively. The distinction rested upon a primitive view that the air in the lungs and upper part of the body was of a different character and of a different vital quality from that below the diaphragm.

In the Semitic section, Professor Haupt of the Johns Hopkins University was represented by several papers. One of these dealt with the so-called "Priestly Blessing," of the Priestly Code (Numbers vi, 24-26), which he declared to be of late origin—exilic or post-exilic. Instead of the rendering "may he lift up his countenance unto

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thee," he proposed by a slight textual change to read "may he raise his eyes to thee"; and comparing the phrase "to raise the eyes" to a well-known Babylonian counterpart *nishit eni*, Professor Haupt showed that in both languages, the idea conveyed was that of being attracted to some one, and therefore, to be regarded with favor. Professor Lyon of Harvard University analyzed in detail the objections urged by Prof. Joseph Kohler of the University of Berlin against the analysis of the famous Hammurabi code, given by Professor Lyon six years ago. His arguments were convincing that the compiler (or compilers) of this code was swayed by logical considerations in the arrangement of the 282 statutes. The first five statutes constituted an introduction on Evidence and Decision, followed by two broad divisions into (1) Property (§§ 6-126), and Person (§§ 127-282). The former division falls into three subdivisions: (a) Personal, (b) Real Estate, and (c) Trade and Business, and each of these into a varying number of further subdivisions; the latter likewise into three larger subdivisions (a) Family; (b) Injuries; (c) Laborers and Labor, each with further subdivisions.

Prof. J. A. Montgomery of the University of Pennsylvania gave an account of three interesting charms or mortuary inscriptions on gold foil, now in the Metropolitan Museum of New York. The inscriptions in a Judæo-Aramaic dialect come from the Hauran district in Syria. Professor Montgomery read a translation of one of the longest, consisting of thirty-two lines, which implores protection against evil demons. A Persian name, Shapur, gives a clue to the date, which may be of the third century of this era. The name of Jahweh is written with the three letters J H W as in the Aramaic Papyri recently found in Elephantine. Professor Jastrow of the University of Pennsylvania gave a synopsis of his paper on the great astrological series of Babylonia-Assyria. He showed that it was a composite production, consisting of parts and sections which range from the Sargon period down to the Cassites, *i. e.*, from *c.* 2700 B. C. to 1700 B. C. This series, known from the opening words as "When Anu and Enlil," was originally written at least in part in Sumerian. In its "Babylonian" or Semitic garb it remained the official handbook of the priests for astrological omens down through the Assyrian period.

The session of Friday afternoon was devoted to papers on the Historical Study of Religions. In a short but incisive paper, Prof. L. C. Barret of Dartmouth College criticised the school of comparative mythologists who would see everywhere in "Myths about Dragon Fights" the struggle of a god who creates light against a demon who darkens the moon. His criticism was particularly directed against Ernst Strecke's recent monograph, "Drachenkämpfe." Professor Barret urged that one must distinguish among the various classes of such tales, and that in some cases the stories were not even myths, but tales of heroes who did not represent degraded gods.

A paper of present interest was that by Prof. George A. Barton of Byrn Mawr College on the new "Deluge" fragment published a few weeks ago by Professor Hilprecht. After deprecating the sensational manner in which the discovery of this little fragment was exploited, being heralded as "ushering in a new period in the history of religion," Professor Barton showed by careful analysis of the script that it belonged to the Cassite period, which would make it 400 or 500 years later than the period assigned to it by Professor Hilprecht, and therefore not nearly as old as the tablet in Mr. Morgan's library. In the discussion that followed, Professors Haupt and A. T. Clay concurred with Professor Barton's view.

The Society adjourned Saturday noon to meet in Cambridge March 16-18, 1911.

J.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The Catalogue of the Edwin B. Holden collection is now in the hands of collectors, and is a remarkable volume. Nearly eight thousand lots are described, and the sale will continue for twelve days, two sessions a day, afternoon and evening, beginning April 21, at the rooms of the American Art Galleries, in New York. The descriptive adjectives "scarce," "very scarce," and "exceedingly scarce," are used with judgment and discretion. We wish, however, that the catalogue had been supplied with head lines and page numbers. It has, for the most part, been prepared by Robert Fridenberg, than whom no man has a better knowledge of American prints. It will be of interest to print collectors to note here that Mr. Fridenberg, after a partnership of twenty-four years in the firm of J. O. Wright & Co., has now individually taken the print stock and will hereafter carry on the print business in his own name.

Mr. Holden's collection of engraved portraits of Washington surpasses in value and interest the Mitchell and Bement-Carson collections, which were dispersed in Philadelphia a few years ago, and comprises upwards of eleven hundred lots. The late William S. Baker's book on the engraved portraits of Washington was the authoritative list until the publication by the Grolier Club of Charles Henry Hart's catalogue in 1904. Mr. Fridenberg refers to both the Baker and the Hart numbers. Most of the rarities are included in the collection.

The collection of engraved portraits of Franklin is said to be the finest ever brought together, and comprises about five hundred lots. The rare mezzotints and etchings, as well as several fine specimens printed in colors, are included.

The third section of the Catalogue, the Maps and Views of New York city, is certain to be of especial interest at the present time. Among the older views there is a unique early engraving in the style of the Allard view, and done probably about 1664, before the surrender of New York to the English. Canot's South East View, and the same artist's South West View; the Carwitham View of Fort George; Robert Havell's two views from the East River, and from the North River; a set of Bourne's Views, India proofs; and a complete set of Jones, Newman, and Ewbank's "Pictorial Directory of New York," are other items. The collection of the works of early American engravers, such as Asher B. Durand (119 lots), David Edwin (188 lots), W. S. Leney, J. B. Longacre, Peter Maverick, and Paul Revere (including his famous plate of the Boston Massacre) is very extensive, and the series of engraved views of American scenes fills many pages of the catalogue. The engravings by artists other than American number upwards of two thousand and include many specimens of Rembrandt, Dürer, Raphael Morghen, William Marshall, Faithorne, Bartolozzi, and Hellar, and the most extensive collection ever brought together of the works of Gaillard.

Among the autographs are a document signed by Peter Stuyvesant, the last Dutch Governor of New York, and several documents signed by early English Governors of the colony; a valuable letter written by Benedict Arnold, from Robinson's House, August 16, 1780; a survey and several letters of Washington; three autograph letters of Benjamin Franklin; fine letters of Hancock, Huntington, McKean, and other signers of the Declaration of Independence; letters of Gates, Greene, Benjamin Lincoln, Heath, Patrick Henry, Alexander Hamilton, and other Revolutionary generals and statesmen; letters of Lamb, Dickens, Prescott, Emerson, Whittier, Lowell, Longfellow, and other English and American writers; and an important manuscript account of the Siege of Yorktown in 1781, by an unknown French engineer, accompanied by a beautifully drawn manuscript map of the siege.

The books included in the sale are few in number and mostly Americana, but very rare items are included, such as the original Boston edition of the "Impartial History of the War in America" (1781), with the very rare third volume, and the full set of portraits engraved by Norman; the first edition of Ethan Allen's "Narrative" of his Captivity (Philadelphia, Bell, 1779); the first edition of the trial of Major André (1780); the first edition of the "Short Narrative of the Horrid Massacre in Boston" (1770); the first edition of John Clarke's "Impartial and Authentic Narrative of the Battle fought on Bunker's Hill" (1775); the first edition of Dickenson's famous "Letters from a Farmer in Pennsylvania" (Philadelphia, 1768); Simcoe's "Journal of the Operations of the Queen's Rangers" (printed for the author, 1784); and a very long series of tracts on the Stamp Act and Revolution.

On April 18, the Anderson Auction Company will sell the library of the late Howard L. Osgood of Rochester, N. Y. The library is mainly Americana, relating to New York, Connecticut, and Pennsylvania. The rarest book is, without doubt, David Cusick's "Sketches of the Ancient History of the Six Nations," printed at Tuscarora Village (now Lewiston, Niagara County, New York), in 1828. This is the second edition, of which,

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according to the title-page, seven thousand copies were printed. The first edition was printed in 1825, but no copy of either has ever before appeared in the auction market.

On April 19 and 20 the Merwin-Clayton Sales Company will sell a collection of Americana, including a number of pamphlets relating to the Stamp Act and the Revolution; several desirable Connecticut titles; books on California and the West; a series of Eulogies on Washington, etc.

Correspondence.

OFFICIAL SCIENCE UNDER THE TAFT ADMINISTRATION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: At the recent Minnesota State Conservation Convention, the secretary of the interior of the United States, in an address the effect of which could only be to discourage conservation of natural resources, is reported to have stated that not more than four-tenths of one per cent. of the total coal supply of the world has yet been mined, and that the supply is sufficient to last 7,000 years. It would be interesting to know upon whose computations these figures are based, since the estimates of the experts of the United States Geological Survey have placed the proportion of the fuel now unmined at from 40 to 70 per cent. of the total original supply, and have predicted complete exhaustion of the mines in from 107 to 120 years. Cabinet officials have not heretofore indulged in such grotesquely inaccurate statements upon scientific subjects, and the effect of the speech upon the public mind and conscience is likely to be so much the more disastrous.

Quite recently, too, as a consequence of the Pinchot-Ballinger inquiry, we have learned what, but for this investigation would probably not have become generally known, namely, that one of the great scientific bureaus of the government has under protest rendered an expert report contrary to the facts and by order of the same cabinet officer. If not the first instance of the prostitution of a government scientific bureau to private interests, it is at least the first outside the land office that has become a matter of common knowledge.

Almost at the same moment the chief of the United States Weather Bureau issued a supposed scientific report upon "The Influence of Forests on Climate and on Floods," a report which purports to give the results of a special investigation. This report is so contrary to the accumulated knowledge of the past, and, it might be added, to fundamental common sense as well, as to be little less than ludicrous. To illustrate, one of the final conclusions in the report is: "The run-off of our rivers is not materially affected by any other factor than the precipitation." The effect of this report upon science will, of course, be negligible; for the report itself carries its own refutation to the thoughtful reader. It is because the paper appears just as it is needed by private interests to defeat legislation for a much needed forest reserve, and has, further, been made a Congressional document, and been mailed under government franking privilege in almost unlimited numbers to all parts of the country, that the event acquires significance. The interesting question at the moment relates to the "men higher up."

Under all these circumstances, the following statement by Senator La Follette, who, perhaps, as well as any one, is familiar with statistics upon the cost of the necessities of life, will be read with interest:

The data of the Bureau of Statistics have been adopted by the President in his Lincoln Day attempt to show that the Payne-Aldrich tariff is revision downward. This should please the statisticians of the bureau; for when their figures showed that it was a revision upward, Mr. Taft, in his Winona speech, rejected them and adopted a batch of figures which, so far as authority is concerned, might have accidentally blown in from the corridor, but now, the wind-blown tables are justified by those more legitimate ones emanating from the Bureau of Statistics.

Has the time not arrived for the scientific bodies of the country, and particularly for the National Academy of Science, to enter a protest against the invasion by political influence of the freedom and independence of bureaus of scientific inquiry?

Wm. H. Hobbs.

University of Michigan, April 4.

HOLBERG AND "THE RECRUITING OFFICER."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In the *Nation* of March 24 Professor Beach mentions the similarity between the dénouement of Holberg's "Erasmus Montanus" and a scene in Farquhar's "Recruiting Officer." It is interesting to note that this play is the only English comedy to which Holberg explicitly refers. To a line in "Peder Paars" (Bk. iv, canto iii, line 38), in which he is describing the tricks of a recruiting officer, he appends the following note:

To soldiers who want to learn the tricks of recruiting, I recommend an English comedy called "The Recruiting Soldier" (*sic*).

This definite reference to "The Recruiting Officer" has led many Scandinavian writers on Holberg to agree with Professor Beach in assuming that the lieutenant's trick in "Erasmus Montanus" was consciously borrowed from Farquhar's play. Olaf Skavlan was, I believe, the first to assert this borrowing in his "Holberg som Komedieforfatter" (1872; p. 196). His statement has been repeated by nearly all subsequent writers on Holberg. This generally recognized similarity is interesting chiefly because it is one of the very few definite traces we have of the influence which Holberg's two years in England exerted upon him, although that influence was, I believe, much greater and more fundamental than has hitherto been supposed.

Professor Beach's characterization of Holberg's mock heroic poem, "Peder Paars," as an "obvious son of Gulliver," is a mistake. "Peder Paars," as a matter of fact, was written in 1719, at least seven years before Holberg could have read "Gulliver." The one work of Holberg which has sometimes been regarded as an imitation of "Gulliver" is his "Nicolai Klimii iter subterraneum.

Oscar James Campbell, jr.

Harvard University, April 5.

THE ORIGINAL PERFORMANCES OF "THE RIVALS."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In his recent admirable "Sheridan, from New and Original Material," Mr. Walter Sichel says of "The Rivals" (Vol. I, p. 484): "After two performances it was withdrawn, in ten days repaired, and then acted with pronounced and prolonged success." In thus asserting that "The Rivals" was performed twice before it was withdrawn for revision, Mr. Sichel repeats a common error. Percy Fitzgerald, in "The Lives of the Sheridans" (1886, p. 118), says: "The play, first produced on January 17th, 1775, was performed again on the 18th, and then 'withdrawn.'" Lloyd C. Sanders, in his "Life of Richard Brinsley Sheridan" (1891, p. 26), says: "After a second trial, the play was judiciously withdrawn." The assertion is repeated, likewise, by Brander Matthews, G. G. Sigmond, G. A. Aitken, and others. Even John Genest, "Some Account of the English Stage" (1832, Vol. V, p. 459), records a performance of "The Rivals" for both January 17 and 18.

Yet the most casual reading of the newspaper accounts of the original performances of the play shows beyond any doubt that "The Rivals" was produced only once (January 17) before it was withdrawn. A few quotations will be sufficient:

The comedy of "The Rivals," at Covent Garden, is withdrawn for the present, to undergo some severe prunings, trimmings, and patchings, before its second performance. (The *Morning Post*, January 19, 1775).

Notice is given to the effect that the play will be performed "for the second time," on Saturday next, with alterations. (The *Gazetteer*, January 24, 1775).

At the second representation of the new comedy of "The Rivals," it was received with the warmest bursts of approbation (The *British Chronicle*, January 27-30, 1775).

Half a dozen other quotations, equally explicit, might be given.

How, then, has the error of two performances gained such general acceptance among students of Sheridan? Professor Nettleton, who alone has called attention to it, says ("The Major Dramas of Sheridan," p. lxvi):

Probably the best explanation of the mistake is furnished by the following extract, which has seemingly never attracted attention, from the *Town and Country Magazine*, January, 1775. In the course of a critique upon "The Rivals" occurs this sentence: "After a pretty warm contest towards the end of the last act, it was suffered to be given out for the ensuing night." To this, however, is appended the following significant foot-note: "Mr. Sheridan withdrew it after the first night's representation to make some alterations, as we suppose, similar to those here pointed out."

I wish to call attention to a more likely source of the mistake, a playbill of the Covent Garden Theatre actually announcing a second performance of the play on January 18. A facsimile of this playbill is given by Fitzgerald at the end of "The Lives of the Sheridans":

Perform'd But Once. At the Theatre-Royal, Covent Garden, This present Wednesday, January 18, 1775, Will be presented a New Comedy call'd "The Rivals." . . .

This playbill, doubtless, was printed in advance, for the managers of the theatre did not expect failure on the first night. Sheridan wrote to his father-in-law:

There will be a comedy of mine in re-

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hearsal at Covent Garden within a few days . . . He [Mr. Harris, the manager of the theatre], and some of his friends also who have heard it, assure me in the most flattering terms that there is not a doubt of its success.

And after the failure, the *Morning Chronicle* (January 19, 1775) remarked: "The new comedy of 'The Rivals' was, in the Green Room of Covent Garden Theatre, but last week, deemed the *ne plus ultra* of comedy." Moreover, the playbill itself contains evidence that it was printed before the first night's failure. One of the chief criticisms of the first performance was the extraordinary length of the play:

The play itself is a *full hour* longer in the representation than any piece on the stage. This last circumstance is an error of such a nature as shows either great obstinacy in the Author, or excessive ignorance in the managers. (The *Morning Chronicle*, January 20, 1775.)

Yet the playbill, after announcing the performance of "The Rivals," says:

To which, By Particular Desire, will be added, (the thirty-fifth time) The Druids. With the Alterations, the Last New Scene and Additional Performances. . . .

Surely the managers, after discovering that "The Rivals" was too long by "a *full hour*," would not announce for the following night an additional performance. Since, as I have tried to show, the playbill was probably printed in advance, it cannot, in the face of the overwhelming evidence of the many newspaper accounts, have any authority.

Doubtless, as the *Town and Country Magazine* states, the play was "given out for the ensuing night"; the playbills had been printed in advance; subsequently, it seems, the author decided to withdraw the play for revision. It would be interesting to know how the managers of the theatre met the situation.

JOSEPH QUINCY ADAMS, JR.

Ithaca, N. Y., April 6.

SHAKESPEARE'S "MOUNTJOY."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of April 7, Mr. R. W. Shannon points out the fact, which Professor Wallace and myself had overlooked, though it is noted in many editions of the play, that "Montjoie," the name given to the herald in Shakespeare's "Henry V," was the designation of an office, in France—that is, was the title of the chief of the heralds. It would be impossible, however, to tell from Holinshed's text alone that the name was not a personal one, and, if Shakespeare knew that it was not—which may have been the case—he must have learned it from some other source. The dialogue between the king and the herald which we find in act iii, scene vi, lines 111 ff., seems (like everything else in the play) to show that Shakespeare, himself, regarded it as a personal name. It runs as follows: Montjoy—"You know me by my habit." King Henry—"Well, then I know thee; what shall I know of thee?" The herald delivers his message, and again King Henry asks: "What is thy name? I know thy quality" (*i. e.*, profession), to which the herald replies: "Montjoy." One might say that Shakespeare here purposely adopted the title as a personal name out of compliment to his French host, Christopher Mountjoy. But apart from the fact that it is not quite certain whether Shakespeare was living with the Montjoys so early as the period in which "Henry V" was composed, it is not necessary to resort to such an explanation in view of the ambiguity in Holinshed. It seems to me, then, as I said in my first communication, that the use of the name in this play is due entirely to its occurrence in Holinshed (the principal source for the historical details of "Henry V"), and has nothing to do with the Christopher Mountjoy with whom, as we now know, Shakespeare was living in the year 1604.

J. DOUGLAS BRUCE.

University of Tennessee, April 9.

THE FREER MANUSCRIPTS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Since the first report was made upon the Greek Manuscripts, which Mr. Charles L. Freer brought from Egypt in 1907 (see the *Nation*, January 2, 1908), a considerable literature has sprung up about them. So many requests for information are received that it seems best to make a brief statement in regard to the plan which has been adopted for their publication.

As soon as the value of the manuscripts was recognized, Mr. Freer expressed the desire to make them available for use in the way which should be deemed most effective. After consultation with both American and foreign scholars it was decided to publish complete facsimiles of two of the manuscripts, those of Deuteronomy and Joshua, and the Gospels; and this work was promptly commenced. An introduction to the facsimile of the Deuteronomy and Joshua has been prepared by Prof. H. A. Sanders, and this facsimile will be ready for distribution within a few months. It will be published in a limited edition, which, through the generosity of Mr. Freer, will be presented by the library of the University of Michigan to the libraries of the principal universities. A study of this manuscript, covering its history so far as known, the palæography, and peculiarities and relations of the text, and including a complete collation, has been prepared by Professor Sanders, and is now in press. This will appear as a part of a volume in the University of Michigan Studies (Humanistic Series), which will be devoted to the Greek manuscripts of the Old Testament in the Freer collection.

THEODORE W. KOCH.

University of Michigan Library, April 2.

AN EARLY BIT OF WEATHER LORE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Apropos of the fickle spring, is there any earlier bit of weather lore extant in English than the following proverb, copied by me from a fly-leaf of MS. Lincoln Cathedral Library, C. 5,4, where it had reposed since the mid-fifteenth century?—

Whan the raven cryeth befor the crowe,
Than may the housbonde ere and sowe;
Whan the crowe cryeth befor the raven,
Tha[n] drawë shippis into the havene.

"In Scotland," says the Rev. C. Swainson, "it is believed that if the raven cries first in the morning, it will be a good day; if the rook, the reverse." ("Handbook of Western Folk Lore:") Mr. R. Inwards, in his "Weather Lore," quotes the Scots, saying:

The corbie said unto the craw,
"Johnnie, fling your plaid awa' ";
The crow says unto the corbie,
"Johnnie, fling your plaid about ye."

My middle English saying is thus held in reverence by the weather sages of our time, it seems. What scientific dogma of to-day has had so long a life?

HENRY NOBLE MACCRACKEN.

New Haven, Conn., April 4.

Literature.

A CONTINUATION OF GARDINER'S HISTORY.

The Last Years of the Protectorate, 1656-1658. By C. H. Firth. Vols. I and II. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $7 net.

Few books have been awaited by the historical public in recent years with livelier expectation than the present work. The late Dr. S. R. Gardiner gave us the history of England from the accession of James I to the middle of the year 1656, in seventeen volumes, so exact, so fair, and so readable that the work will never have to be done over again; so complete, moreover, that it is generally recognized by students of English history that the first half of the seventeenth century, which fifty years ago was one of its least known periods, is to-day almost the most difficult field of all in which to find material for an original monograph or doctoral dissertation. When Dr. Gardiner died, in 1902, it was his wish that Mr. Firth, who had already made a name for himself as his foremost disciple, should carry on the work from the point where he had laid it down; and the notes and material which Dr. Gardiner had collected on the last two years of the Protectorate were placed at Mr. Firth's disposal for that purpose. That eight years have elapsed before the expected continuation appeared is no reproach to Mr. Firth's energy or diligence, as those who have followed his career closely will readily admit. In 1904, on the death of Frederick York-Powell, he was elected Regius Professor of modern history at Oxford, and since that time, he has been busily engaged in organizing and supervising advanced historical study and research at the university, which had hitherto restricted its instruction almost entirely to undergraduates. It is particularly fitting that tribute should be paid to Professor Firth's work in this direction in an American journal, for American students, Rhodes scholars and others, have reaped the benefit of his labors fully as much as Englishmen. And, in addition to all this, Professor Firth has continued to pour forth a lavish stream of minor articles and monographs—mostly in the "Cambridge Modern History," the *English*

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Historical Review, and the *Transactions of the Royal Historical Society*, occasionally in the form of introductions to the work of his pupils—constant proofs of the comprehensiveness and depth of his knowledge, and of his generosity in imparting it, welcome harbingers of the final product, of which the first instalment has now arrived.

To say that the book justifies expectations, is, under the circumstances, high praise; in our opinion, it is but fair to go further than that, and to assert that it exceeds them. For the task was beset with unusual difficulties, all of which have been triumphantly surmounted. To have continued the work of Gardiner, in any form, is an achievement; to have continued it, as Professor Firth has done, in such a manner that it would be well-nigh impossible for the most careful student to tell, either from matter or style, where one author leaves off and the other begins, is almost a literary and historical *tour de force*. Over and above these special difficulties inherent in carrying on the work of another, the period with which Professor Firth's book deals presents a number of unusually puzzling problems in itself. Parties were so numerous and passions ran so high in the last years of the Protectorate, that the writings of contemporaries often serve to obscure rather than to illuminate the truth. Though many modern monographs have recently appeared on the continental history of the period, the purely English field (perhaps, in anticipation of this very book), has, during the last decade, been left almost entirely alone by other scholars so that the author has been obliged to rely to an unusual degree on his own researches. In short, he has had a great opportunity, and we doubt if any other living man could have utilized it equally well.

The field covered coincides precisely with the last two years of Oliver Cromwell's life—September, 1656, to September, 1658. The interest of the story is throughout a double one. At home we find the Protector ceaselessly but unsuccessfully attempting to clothe his government with constitutional forms, to disguise the nakedness of military rule, to "do *with* Parliaments," since he could not permanently do without them. Abroad he strives to organize a general coalition of the Protestant states of Europe against both branches of the House of Hapsburg, but is thwarted by the bickerings of the Scandinavian and North German Powers on the one hand, and by the League of the Rhine, engineered by Mazarin, on the other; so that at last his original plans vanish into thin air, and are replaced by the more practical Anglo-French alliance against Spain. Such are the bare bones of the familiar tale which Mr. Firth's volumes have done so much to amplify and illuminate. His book contains nothing of a revolutionary nature in statement of fact, interpretation, or point of view: not a single established verdict of importance is overthrown or even challenged. Much new material has been discovered; still more has been intelligently utilized for the first time; but the net result seems to be to confirm and enlarge, rather than to controvert and dispute, the judgments of earlier laborers in this field. The author's fondness for military and naval history stands out in his descriptions of the campaign in Flanders, and of the capture of Jamaica; one feels, instinctively, that his account of these is in every sense of the word final. The newest parts of the book are the chapters dealing with Henry Cromwell's administration in Ireland, and his father's unsuccessful attempt to mediate in the Northern War between the Scandinavian nations, Poland, Russia, and the Great Elector. In his treatment of the former the author shows his fairness and moderation by steering a middle course between the absurdly exaggerated statements of partisan writers on both sides of this traditionally thorny topic. Although the interests of the native Irish inhabitants were completely disregarded—*more antiquo*—by Henry Cromwell's government, and although it is consequently a gross exaggeration to say "that Ireland never prospered as she prospered under the Protectorate," yet the author clearly shows, on the other hand, that the administration of these years marked an immense advance over anything preceding it, in that it was carried on in the interests of the entire British colony in Ireland, instead of in the interests of one section of it—namely, the latest comers—as had been the case before. As to the Protector's diplomacy in Northeastern Europe, Professor Firth points out with unanswerable force that Cromwell's sturdy determination to advance Protestantism at all costs (he was, indeed, the sole Protestant ruler of his day and generation to make religion the chief motive of his policy) crippled his action and retarded his decisions. The system of alliances among the northern states was so arranged that he could not intervene actively on any side without fighting a co-religionist; and mediation was equally impossible, partly because Catholic Poland, whose interests were everywhere concerned, mistrusted him, partly because of the impracticability of Charles X of Sweden and of the Elector of Brandenburg. On the question of the ultimate results, for England and for Europe, of the Anglo-French alliance against Spain, Mr. Firth is careful not to commit himself. Is it fair, as some historians do, to hold the Lord Protector responsible for the baleful preponderance of France under Louis XIV, inaugurated by the Peace of the Pyrenees, and by the humiliation, through English aid, of Spain? Did Cromwell's hatred of Catholicism and the Hapsburgs blind him to the necessity for the maintenance of the balance of power? More definite verdicts on these interesting questions will perhaps be vouchsafed to us in a later volume. For the present, we can only feel that the author's obvious reluctance to indulge in general statements or sweeping conclusions lends added weight to the few expressions of personal opinion which he has allowed himself hitherto.

Certainly, one has an indefinable feeling that one is treading on absolutely safe ground in perusing these two absorbing volumes. If later research yields any material which will serve to alter the statements and conclusions therein contained, the changes, we are convinced, will be but slight. It is scarcely too much to say that the history of the Protectorate is now known as accurately and completely as the history of any period of equal length in the whole course of England's development, the nineteenth century not excepted. The next instalment of Professor Firth's great work should carry the story on to the Restoration of Charles II in May, 1660.

CURRENT FICTION.

When a Woman Woos. By Charles Marriott. New York: John Lane Co.

If the title of Mr. Marriott's book were not so essential to the meaning of his tale, it would be indeed a pity that he should have chosen a name so redolent of melodrama and molasses for a story of highly exceptional truthfulness, simplicity, and strength. The subject here is the one which Bernard Shaw popularized and vulgarized in his "Man and Superman," namely, the eternal pursuit of the man by the woman in obedience to Nature's behest. In Shaw the theme is developed after the boldest fashion. The woman informs the man that she intends to marry him. The man asserts that he won't let her, and runs away to Spain. The woman follows in an automobile, overtakes him and marries him. In Shaw's text, Nature striving after her ends is not merely self-conscious, but positively vociferous.

Mr. Marriott has brought to the problem a deeper vision and a far higher artistic method. His heroine, Audrey Tregarthan, without having previously speculated on love, without even greatly missing it, finds it altogether natural to place herself soul and body at the disposal of the first man who arouses in her the feeling which only later she discovers to be love. Audrey is not the *femme qui se donne* of the French novelists, since she is not the creature of passion, but of instinct. The man in the case is of a type more com-

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mon in life than in fiction. In him the offer of unconditional surrender arouses at first bewilderment, and then awe. If the woman's self-abandon is in reality pursuit, and the man's reluctance to accept is in reality the instinct to escape, the fact is indicated as subtly as it reveals itself in life. Without the strong hint conveyed in the title the average reader might perhaps fail to see the point at all. Once the hint is given, he sees that the point has unmistakably been proven.

In Audrey Tregarthan and her lover Fielding we find a blending of the idyllic and the actual which reminds one strongly of Turgenieff. The Russian's method is suggested, too, in the absolutely simple and straightforward way the story is told. It is free from the tremendous moral crises and stresses which other contemporary novelists who have gone to the same corner of southwestern England for their people and their atmosphere, are so fond of. Without being as elemental or tragic a figure as Thomas Hardy's Tess, Audrey Tregarthan leaves the impression of being fully as real.

The Achievements of Luther Trant. By Edwin Balmer and William MacHarg. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

Of late it has grown incumbent on the writer of detective stories to invent not merely a hero and a plot, but a method as well. Luther Trant is a young man who, starting from the very bottom as professor of experimental psychology in a Western college, rises to fame as an expert detector of crime by making use of the many methods for soul-measurement that have been devised from Wundt to Münsterberg. Trant's mode of procedure is, ostensibly, a simple one. The man guilty of crime or having knowledge of crime may repress all outward manifestations of the emotion that accompanies such knowledge; but he cannot hide his emotion from the galvanometer or the swinging-mirror. This method, like the best way of making rabbit pie, requires that the criminal be caught before he is tested. To effect that Luther Trant does not rely on chance, but on the classical methods of deduction as practised since Edgar Allan Poe's time. And as a matter of fact it is on this side that the present collection of stories is strongest. Before Luther Trant gets his electric machines into action, he does some very pretty puzzle-solving. With one or two exceptions these stories are far above the ordinary run of this type of fiction.

Little Aliens. By Myra Kelly. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The pleasure with which one renews friendship with these beguiling "little aliens"—or "little citizens"—is touched with keen regret as one realizes that in this book they come among us for the last time. There are few indeed of our many clever writers of short stories whose characters have become so dear to us as have those of Myra Kelly. It is true that she has not in a high degree the distinctive qualities of the story-teller. When we compare her with such a master of the art as O. Henry, we are sure to feel that the best things in her books are exquisite sketches rather than stories But it is largely through this very simplicity of execution, this manner of one making a careless transcript from life, that she makes her own love for her little group of Yiddish children contagious, until even that grotesque speech of theirs, intrinsically so harsh and repellent, comes to have as distinct a charm as any soft Italian patois. Unfortunately, Miss Kelly has made, in this last book, several attempts to cast her material into more conventional narrative form. In four out of the eight stories the plot turns upon very unlikely coincidences, and in no one of these is the event sufficiently interesting to compensate for the sacrifice of reality. In the other stories, however, especially in "Friends" and "The Magic Cape," the old spontaneous humor and pathos are as appealing as ever.

The Losing Game. By Will Payne. New York: G. W. Dillingham Company.

American finance and American marriages, in high places, have been heavily drawn upon of late by our serious, pragmatic novelists. The present is a story of business and marriage upon a much more sordid plane than that Robert Herrick and David Graham Phillips occupy themselves with. Mr. Payne's book is an intimate study of the technique of bucket-shop operation. His hero is a telegraph operator who attains much easily-gotten wealth through his wire-tapping abilities. The real architect of his fortunes is, however, the girl stenographer who first reveals to him the infinite possibilities of getting rich quickly. She marries him when they are still poor, and is a comfort and guide to him in his first, tottering, dishonest steps upward. As soon as he is a millionaire he forsakes her and marries a blonde woman with social aspirations. The last chapter leaves him as poor as the first chapter finds him. The book offers by no means an unfaithful picture of a very definite phase of the national life and character; only it is hard to escape the feeling that it was written for people with a sneaking admiration for the kind of rascality that it pictures so graphically and so attractively.

Over the Quicksands. By Anna Chapin Ray. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

As a picture of Quebec from the resident's point of understanding, this book is instructive and charming. The reader is so hospitably enrolled in the old city's inner modern circles as to become an affectionate partisan, despising the tourist and dreading the weather that brings him—and this, even though the reader himself may never have seen Quebec. Such is the coaxing power of a year spent in a set of amiable and disinterested young folk whose life is snow sport in every variety, drinking tea, and eating buttered toast. There is a brave attempt at characterization that only partially succeeds in lifting the actors out of the plane of agents in a plot. Of plot, there is not an excess, but there is an all-pervading mystery which, hovering on the edge of classic tragedy, is solved in so domestic a fashion as to suggest a Greek torso restored by Yankee additions. The interest is kept up by the haggard pallors and arrested circulation of those persons who are involved in the dark enigma, and it is not to be denied that curiosity is amply piqued. But the motive of a brother and sister, ignorant of the relationship, falling in love with each other, needs a very large treatment or none—preferably none. Such a theme must needs be stupendous, offensive, or inadequate. Miss Ray, choosing the second best, makes it inadequate.

THE STATE IN LITTLE.

The Junior Republic: Its History and Ideals. By William R. George, with an introduction by Thomas M. Osborne. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.50 net.

So much ephemeral literature, some of it unbalanced and misleading, has grown about the young folks' democracy at Freeville, N. Y., that an official history is most welcome. Mr. George tells his story unaffectedly, and with a fine relish for the human nature involved. His reminiscences make the turbulent growth of this miniature commonwealth vivid and at times thrilling, yet his record is essentially a sober one, giving no effect of special pleading.

The republic rose out of the ashes of a charity. It was born in disillusion. For four years from 1890 Mr. George conducted a summer fresh air camp at Freeville, only to arrive at the bitter conviction that he was doing harm. In disgust he turned upon his wards and told them they must work for the clothes which formerly had been distributed gratis. After the first indignation, the plan worked excellently, even became popular, and resulted in a general improvement in *morale*. The camp became no longer a charity, but a self-supporting community, with Mr. George as its benevolent autocrat. It was again despair that forced the first step in self-government. Petty thieving at the expense of neighboring farmers naturally throve in a community recruited from the slums. Mr. George faithfully ad-

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ministered corporeal punishment without effect, until one day he realized that the daily whippings were a valued spectacle for all comers. That day he whipped no more, but turned over the two remaining culprits to the judgment of their fellows. The spectators became a tribunal which sternly voted exemplary punishment. Thus the camp took charge of its own conduct. It had reached the stage of a college senate.

From this to complete democracy was but a step. During a winter of hardship Mr. George and the pioneers planned the future state and learned to work together. Next year the republic stood full-fledged, with legislature, executive, and judiciary, token money, and diversified industries. Here was a miniature world in which, unless a boy worked, neither did he eat. It speedily produced its police and prisons; its lawyers and merchants. Laws grew and multiplied, chiefly from the need of protecting property rights. Parties developed; mobs raged and had to be quelled by the police; once something approaching a lynching was attempted. The political demoralization caused by the voting of newcomers was checked by a probationary requirement of residence—to all intents a naturalization law. Woman agitated for the ballot and eventually won it. Unfair trade by merchants commanding markets beyond the bounds was adjusted by the imposition of a customs duty. In fact, the emergencies of the greater Republic reproduced themselves in the junior republic in a most instructive fashion. There was no play about it. The boy or girl who passed from thriftlessness to vagrancy had to work under surveillance. This part of the story is thoroughly familiar and needs no comment except that Mr. George retells it with admirable clarity and humor.

The world, however, may not know so well the money crisis that befell the Junior Republic. Its fiat money, for which no means of retirement had been provided, glutted the treasury. The surplus became a source of heart-burning and corruption. It was foolishly voted away for needless improvements. Public officials battened on contracts. Wealth and intelligence rallied to meet the situation, but Bryanism was in the air, and the "invaders"—summer citizens—carried the day for "free tin." The Legislature, bound to that policy, squabbled during its short term, but did next to nothing. Cold weather drove the free-tin populace back to the city, and the republic, left a financial derelict, went into voluntary liquidation. Its affairs were reorganized by the proprietary corporation. It erected safeguards for the suffrage, and by becoming a permanent settlement ended forever the political peril of the summer influx. Since then it has steadily grown in territory, population, and material resources, and its form of organization has been imitated elsewhere.

That the republic affords an extraordinary training in self-reliance there can be no matter of doubt. It welcomes the toughest boys from the city and makes good citizens of many of them. Except for a supreme court made up of adult friends of the Republic, it manages its own affairs, and manages them well. Since certain writers have asserted that the percentage of relapse is very large in ex-citizens we wish that Mr. George had met this point not by a general disclaimer, but statistically.

It is still too early to take definitive account of this extraordinary work. How far men like Mr. George and Mr. Osborne, the president of the corporation, are indispensable to success has not been settled. How far the democratic idea has a virtue to inspire average managers remains to be proved. Mr. George has constantly shown a tact and faith that are of the rarest. That these qualities are communicable one may only hope.

Most writers have emphasized the likenesses between the nation and the Junior Republic. The differences, which are considerable, should also be noted. No citizen owns land; it is supplied by the corporation. This means, first, an enormous subsidy to the Republic, and, next, the elimination of one of the thorniest issues from its politics. Next, the wage scale is uniform in all trades and arbitrarily divided into low, medium, and high. Thus competition is greatly reduced. Such paternalism, even though it be continued by consent of the citizens, makes the little commonwealth an imperfect copy of the economic world without. Similarly, the paid artisans, supported not by the republic, but by the corporation, introduce a special element which has no analogy in the real world. These observations are made not in a deprecatory way, but in the interest of clearness of judgment. As to the admirable spirit and general usefulness of the work, there is no doubt. The reading of this book will go far to reassure those whose faith in the democratic principle is wavering. Such doubters may find reproof and instruction in the numerous cases in which the average sense of boys and girls has issued in essential justice and even high political wisdom.

The Elizabethan People. By Henry Thew Stephenson. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $2 net.

This is a work of popularization which offers in reasonable compass a great deal of information on Elizabethan life, custom, and character. For example, it contains chapters on life in London and in the country, sports and indoor amusements, popular superstitions, baptismal and bridal customs, etc. A good part of the material is taken from modern authorities like Sidney Lee and Hubert Hall, but the author has also used to a considerable extent such sources as Harrison, Stow, and the Elizabethan plays and pamphlets. He has not altogether avoided the chief danger of works of this kind—namely, the exaggeration of what differentiates the life and modes of thought of the particular period from our own. For instance, superstitions about fairies were common in the days of Elizabeth, but surely not "every mother" felt a "thrill of fear" at the birth of her child lest the fairies should carry it off. The book, too, suffers somewhat from the want of historical perspective. The writer was under no obligation to give even a brief history of the different matters of which he treats, as they had already developed before the reign of Elizabeth, but an occasional glance backward, and, perhaps, forward, also, is necessary to set customs, etc., in their right light. As it is, Professor Stephenson describes each thing entirely severed from its historical connections, as if it had existed only in the Elizabethan age. Connected with this defect, no doubt, is his indiscriminate selection of pictures for the illustration of Elizabethan sports and customs, many of those which he reproduces from Strutt and others being really (though this is not indicated) mediæval or modern in their origin. The procedure in question is particularly unfortunate in such a book as the present one, since it is calculated to confuse (in regard to costume and such matters) the class of readers who are most likely to use it, viz., beginners in the study of Elizabethan literature.

The chapter most open to criticism is that on Elizabethan character which begins the book. The "savagery" of the age is over-emphasized and the "dislike of long and continuous mental strain" sounds peculiar, when applied to the generation of Shakespeare and Bacon. The following explanation, moreover, of the great Elizabethan literature which we find in this chapter is, we venture to say, unique:

> Its lasting effect [*i. e.*, of the destruction of the Spanish Armada in 1588] is recognized to-day in the fact that by making continental travel safe, tourists were enabled to bring home precious manuscripts and a knowledge of older and more perfect learning that, when published and conned, directly gave birth to Shakespeare and his followers.

What has become of the long and painful development of the English Renaissance, some of whose fruits were already before the world in the form of the "Shepherd's Calendar," "Tamburlaine," etc.? The new leaven must have worked with the rapidity of our modern patent medicines, for in two years—to mention just a few of its miraculous effects—it had produced the best half of

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the "Faerie Queene" (1590)—most of which, it may be remarked, was doubtless already in MS. before 1588—and in five years all the plays of Marlowe that had not appeared, all the extant plays of Greene, and the earliest of Shakespeare's.

Historical Essays. By James Ford Rhodes. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.25 net.

With two or three exceptions, the papers here collected have already seen the light, either in magazines or in the publications of the American Historical Association and the Massachusetts Historical Society; but they well deserve the wider reading which their publication in the present form will doubtless insure. For one thing, they will appeal strongly to those who, without being vainly curious, nevertheless like to know what a scholar of assured reputation thinks about his science or his art, how he has gone about the composition of his *magnum opus*, and at what rating he estimates his fellow-workers. On all of these matters Mr. Rhodes discourses frankly, and with a felicity and ease of expression that make the volume a contribution to literature.

It is refreshing, for example, in these days of documents, monographs, and research, of monumental books on small subjects, to find an historian of a very modern period waxing enthusiastic over Herodotus, Thucydides, and Tacitus, and urging the study of them; impressing upon would-be historians in the universities the need of thoughtful and generous reading in literature, philosophy, and economics, as well as in their chosen field; and insisting that history which is both patriotic and readable may also be true. Whatever the aim, whether the production of a learned treatise or the composition of an elaborate narrative history, Mr. Rhodes would have the student read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest not only the ancients, but also such modern writers as Gibbon, Macaulay, Gardiner, Carlyle, Lecky, and Lee, together with the great French novelists and critics, especially Sainte-Beuve; and, for the "study of human character," Homer and Shakespeare.

Natural ability being presupposed, the qualities necessary for a historian are diligence, accuracy, love of truth, impartiality, and thorough digestion of his material by careful selection and long meditating, and the compression of his narrative into the smallest compass consistent with the life of his story. . . . Applying these considerations to the writing of history in America, it would seem that all we have to gain in method, in order that when the genius appears he shall rival the great Greek and the great Roman [Thucydides and Tacitus], is thorough assimilation of materials and rigorous conciseness in relation.

For his contemporaries in one or another part of the historical field, the careers of some of whom he has gracefully sketched from time to time in memorial papers, Mr. Rhodes has always the word of cordial and discriminating appraisal. His tributes to Gardiner, Lecky, Spencer Walpole, Green, Edward L. Pierce, Gen. Jacob D. Cox, and Godkin are models of sympathetic appreciation and balanced judgment; while his sketch of the late Prof. Edward G. Bourne is a worthy estimate of one of the rarest of American historical critics. Of the strictly historical papers, those entitled "Who Burned Columbia?" "The Presidential Office," and "A Review of President Hayes's Administration" are well known and need no further comment here; and the same may be said of the longer studies of Gibbon and Cromwell.

In his presidential address before the American Historical Association, in 1899, Mr. Rhodes said of Tacitus: "We know that we have been in the society of a gentleman who had a high standard of morality and honor. We feel that our guide was a serious student, a solid thinker, and a man of the world; that he expressed his opinions and delivered his judgment with a remarkable freedom from prejudice." If there be added to this the possession of a clear, straightforward, and effective style, the characterization fits admirably Mr. Rhodes himself. One cannot but wish that the history of the United States, which he has told so effectively for the years from 1850 to 1877, may before long be told, in the earlier portion of it, by one who, like him, is "a serious student, a solid thinker, and a man of the world."

The Life of W. J. Fox, Public Teacher and Social Reformer, 1786-1864. By the late Richard Garnett. Concluded by Edward Garnett. New York: John Lane Co. $5 net.

In all the great democratic movements of the first half of the nineteenth century, William Johnson Fox had his share. Beginning life as a bank clerk, he quickly drifted into Unitarianism, and after some preparation for the ministry at Homerton College, London, the theological seminary of the Congregational Church, he became pastor of a Congregational Church at Fareham, near Portsmouth, in 1812. Here his Unitarian opinions caused a split in the congregation; and after a period of trouble and dissension, Fox found himself installed in the pulpit of Parliament Court Chapel, Bishopsgate Street, London. From that time until his death in 1864, Fox was preacher, orator, publicist, editor, and member of Parliament; and in every capacity and at all times he was on the side of religious liberty, popular education, a wide franchise, free trade, women's rights—in a word he was a democratic Liberal of the Radical school. During the long agitation for the repeal of the Corn Laws, he was in request as a platform speaker almost as much as Cobden or Bright, and from the time he entered Parliament as Member for Oldham, in 1847, until he resigned his seat in 1862, he steadily supported every popular cause, and in especial made himself the champion of a really national system of popular education. Nevertheless, in spite of his usefulness to the great reform leaders of the mid-nineteenth century, Fox was rather an advocate of democratic causes than a constructive statesman. No one made more powerful appeals than he from the platform or in the columns of the newspapers; but his work was by its nature transitory and evanescent, and to the present generation Fox as a reformer is barely a name. The history of popular advance in the nineteenth century would, however, be incomplete if the part played in it by him were omitted, and Dr. Garnett's biography is bound to find a place in all libraries of modern English political, economic, and social history, with Graham Wallas's "Life of Francis Place" and Frank Podmore's "Life of Robert Owen," among the older lives and memoirs of Grote, Roebuck, O'Connell, and the other reformers of the period between the French Revolution and the Second Reform Act of 1867.

Dr. Garnett unfortunately did not live to complete his work. He himself had inherited the task from Fox's daughter—Mrs. Bridell Fox—who had collected the necessary letters, notebooks, diaries, and extracts from current literature, but who died without having been able to make use of her materials for a life of her father. The book has been completed by Edward Garnett; but its pages bear traces of haste and carelessness, and of a want of final revision; and the reader cannot but feel a regret that Dr. Garnett was unable to give the last touches to a book which was so well begun.

Besides its value as a biography of one of the prominent figures in the agitation for the repeal of the Corn Laws, Dr. Garnett's Life of Fox will be welcome for the glimpses it gives of James and Harriet Martineau, the Brownings, John Stuart Mill, Richard Cobden, William Charles Macready, and many more of the well-known men and women in the political, literary, and dramatic world of the period. Harriet Martineau's letters to Fox were among the few that escaped destruction when Miss Martineau, in 1857, undertook to secure from future publicity all her correspondence. Fox refused either to return or to destroy the letters he had received from her; and though Miss Martineau showed her displeasure by never again writing to Fox, Dr. Garnett has now been able to do a good service to her mem-

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ory by giving from her letters a truer impression of her character than she herself conveyed in her autobiography. The extracts from these letters, as also the letters from the Brownings, which are given in one of the later chapters, are introduced for their own sake rather than for any light they throw on Fox's life or character; and, in fact, the whole of the last section of the book bears plain traces of being a compilation from material at hand, rather than a well-digested completion of a biography.

Notes.

The new volume of stories by Sir Gilbert Parker, announced by the Harpers for spring publication, will not appear until the fall.

Methuen & Co. of London announce a book on "The Fall of Abd-ul-Hamid," by Francis McCullagh. Mr. McCullagh was in Constantinople at the time of the revolution and was able to supplement his own observations by interviews with most of the chief actors.

The Hymn to Zeus of the Kouretes, found on a stone in Crete, is being restored by Prof. Gilbert Murray and Miss Jane Harrison. It has about five stanzas, and, with restoration, is fairly complete. The date is about 300 B. C. It will be published with Professor Murray's notes in the Journal of the British School.

Thomas Hardy's "Jude the Obscure" and "Far From the Madding Crowd" have just been published in Harper's thin paper edition of that novelist's works. The volumes are of pocket size, and though, as was the case with "The Return of the Native," the ink is at times rather pale, that fault is less pronounced, while the printing is otherwise improved, and offers little occasion for criticism.

Prof. William T. Brewster, who has been acting dean of Barnard College since the resignation three years ago of Miss Laura Drake Gill, has been appointed provost of that institution. Prof. G. H. Sabine of Stanford University has been chosen Sage professor of philosophy at Cornell, for one year, in the place of Prof. James E. Creighton. Professor Sabine will edit the *Philosophical Review* while he is at Cornell.

At the gathering in Geneva last July to pay special honor to John Calvin, it was announced that a monument to the Calvinistic Reformation would be seen in that city, and would be as significant as that to the Lutheran Reformation at Worms. More than $40,000 has been pledged to this enterprise (which is to cost about $100,000) in various European countries, but, as yet only about $1,000 has been raised in America. To make a fitting site for the monument it is proposed to cut down a part of the grounds opposite the University of Geneva so as to form a broad walk at a lower level. This walk will have a tesselated pavement and will be reached by a very wide flight of stone steps, at the head of which on either side will be huge boulders, one inscribed with the name of Luther and the other with that of Zwingli. Between this walk and the ancient wall, which here sustains the cathedral wherein Calvin regularly preached, will be a trench. The monument proper will consist of figures carved out of the granite slabs inserted in the wall. The central slab will have the forms of the four men, Farel, Calvin, Beza and Knox, who were the leaders of the movement which resulted in the Reformed, Presbyterian, and Congregational Churches. On either side of this group will come those who as statesmen and rulers promoted and protected the Reformed faith. Subscriptions for this undertaking may be sent to the treasurer, Samuel Macauley Jackson, 700 Park Avenue, New York.

It is difficult to review such a book as "Idealism as a Practical Creed," by Henry Jones (Macmillan). These lectures before the University of Sydney are vigorous. The statement of problems is completely candid. Wordsworth and Browning are effectively cited to confirm the idealistic mood. Moreover, unlike many pleas for idealism, the conditions of rational demonstration are cheerfully accepted. But the rationalist never really gets an idealist where he wants him. At a certain point Dr. Jones, protesting his essential rationalism the while, deftly switches the argument to the temperamental postulate that evil is somehow the necessary medium of the good we must follow. Whereupon, as a kind of benediction, he dismisses his readers with the categorical imperative of Kant. We have no desire to treat lightly what is a stimulating and serious book. Its quality may be illustrated by an extract which may suggest also its shortcomings:

> By uniting nature to man, man to man, and all with God, idealism has involved all that exists, or that man can conceive, in one doubtful destiny. . . . There is no salvation now by partial issues; the question of the rectitude and sanity of the whole order of reality has been raised, and there remain but two (*sic!*) alternatives—hope which cannot despair, or despair which cannot hope.

Of course, one must be a good deal of an idealist to conceive the issue thus sharply, but many people not dwellers in the epicurean sty, nor yet wholly devoid of philosophy, manage to put up with an imperfectly unified world. To admit and accept the ineluctable antinomies of experience is, at least, as respectable as to exalt one's temperamental desire for unity into an ultimate explanation of the cosmos. Even the agnostic position still has something to be said for it, though idealists can naturally tolerate no such cautious and essentially unthrilling attitude toward the hazards of thought and conduct.

The poet laureate's considerable gifts as a prose writer appear to advantage in "The Bridling of Pegasus, Prose Papers on Poetry" (Macmillan). In the essay on "The Essentials of Great Poetry" Sir Alfred Austin combats the present overestimation of lyrism. With Aristotle, he insists that great poetry demands a certain amplitude and universality of theme. The epic is the perfect type of great poetry including within itself all minor lyrical perfections. The essay is acutely reasoned, and should do good. It is supplemented by a paper on "The Feminine Note in English Literature," meaning naturally the undisciplined lyrism that at present claims the entire poetic field. In a parallel between Milton and Dante it is not surprising that the Florentine comes off best. The restraint of merely lyrical qualities, the severe realism of treatment, give the Tuscan work a more sustained imaginative quality. Our author refuses to impute sublimity to the merely vague and rhetorical. Far the most important essay in the volume is that on "Wordsworth and Byron." Quite merciless is the analysis of Matthew Arnold's selections from the two poets. The Byron anthology, according to Sir Alfred, contains a mere fraction of the important verse of the poet, whereas the more famous Wordsworth volume must be reduced by nine-tenths if it is really to offer only the inspired poetry. Byron, it is argued, is the greatest poetic figure of the century. No other man has touched so many pregnant themes with such power and eloquence. Wordsworth's genius is small, specialized, intermittent, and often inadequately expressed. In this contrast, there may be something of the exaggeration of the special pleader, but the argument seems to us in the main quite sound, and eminently salutary. Our judgments have been imposed upon by the flaccid mysticism of Wordsworth, the semi-rational anarchism of Shelley, and the opulent eloquence of Keats. Forgetting certain masculine virtues of poetry, we have seen these singers in a false glamour. In the coming readjustment Shelley and Wordsworth will, we think, lose; Keats much less, for he has at least been valued for his qualities and not for his defects; while Byron will rise to a place hardly lower than that he held in his lifetime.

We can only mention by title the essays, "Dante's Realistic Treatment of the Ideal," "Dante's Poetic Conception of Women," "Poetry and Pessimism," "A Vindication of Tennyson," "On the Relation of Literature to Politics," and "A Conversation with Shakespeare in the Elysian Fields." Where so much weighty, learned, and persuasive criticism is offered, one regrets a lurking conviction that it is, after all, not first class. With a little more wit and amenity, Sir Alfred might take up the good fight where Matthew Arnold left it. What prevents seems to be a fundamental inflexibility. One fears that many of his best opinions have not been lived but inherited. A ripe literary Toryism is not without its charm, but its appeal can hardly be popular. Then odd lapses of taste occasionally warn us that if our preceptor were more sensitive he would possibly be less judicious. The thin and pointless colloquy with Shakespeare is disheartening. Again, such a passage as that in which a line of Spenser is commented upon makes one rub one's critical eyes. Sir Alfred quotes:

> The noblest mind the best contentment has.

What a noble line! the noblest, I think, in all literature! Let us commit it to heart, repeat it morning, noon, and night, and it will cast out for us all the devils, aye, all the swine of Pessimism.

We leave the analysis of this porcine trope to the perceptive reader. It illustrates certain reasons why Sir Alfred's criticism, while telling at times, is not quite first class.

Prof. M. L. Fernald of the Gray Herbarium has in preparation an extended work on the discovery of America by the

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Northmen from Iceland, in which he investigates the details of the story in the Flateyarbook. A preliminary study of the botanical features is to be found in the February number of *Rhodora,* in which the author shows, conclusively, it should seem, that the *vinber* of the Icelandic saga are not grapes at all, but mountain cranberries (*Vaccinium vitis-idœa*); that the self-grown *hveiti* is the strand-wheat (*Elymus arenarius*), and not Indian corn; and that the *mosurr,* as the name clearly indicates, is not maple, but the gnarled birch known in Germany as Maser-birk, in Sweden as masur-björk, and in old Norse called mösurr. Through his investigations into the identity of the plants mentioned in the old saga, Professor Fernald has been able to show, not only that there is no reason to doubt the statement of the story of Leif Ericsen, but also to locate the place where the Icelanders landed as being north of the St. Lawrence.

A strange land and a people who cling with childish tenacity to the picturesque and crude customs of ages past are described by Charles Wellington Furlong, F.R.G.S., in his "Gateway to the Sahara" (Scribner). His experiences in the city of Tripoli and its neighborhood are entertainingly told, and much information is given in regard to its three principal industries, sponge gathering, esparto picking, and the trans-Saharan caravan trade. An intimate personal knowledge of the life of the caravaneer was gained in a trip of two hundred miles over some of the trade routes. A thrilling episode in it was a night's ride with Arab bandits, through which his courage and presence of mind brought him safely. Interesting accounts are given of his location of the wreck of the U. S. frigate Philadelphia, which was burned by Decatur in 1804, and a cruise in a sponge boat. The reader also gets a glimpse, as it were, of some of the vicissitudes of desert life in the touching story told the author by a Hausa servant who was captured in a slave-raid at the age of fourteen, and only gained his freedom after years of bondage. As to the future of Tripoli when freed from the Turkish yoke he has great hopes. The numerous ruins of Roman towns and the broken-down cofferdams show the possibility, through the conservation of the vast water supply and irrigation, of changing the desert into what it was in ancient times—a highly cultivated and densely populated land. The transforming agency of the present day, however, will not be the dam, but the artesian well. Thirty-six illustrations, four of which are in color from the author's paintings, with three maps, and a full index, add to the attractiveness and value of the work.

Literary *causeries* and political *chroniques,* which we are content to have pass away with the hour that gave them birth, are, in France, collected into volumes; and other volumes are written where we, as a rule, would be content with a magazine article or two. Such a book is Ernest Lémonon's "L'Europe et la politique britannique (1882-1909)," published by Félix Alcan in 550 large and closely printed pages. The author traces the change in British foreign policy from the traditional doctrine of splendid isolation coupled with an equally traditional hostility towards France and Russia, to a condition of intimate friendship with these two Powers paralleled by the growth of an intense rivalry with Germany. This is matter of the most common journalistic discussion the world over. What M. Lémonon has done is to restate, with a great wealth of documentary detail, the contents of thousands of pages of newspaper dispatches and newspaper comment. Like most contemporary French publicists, he looks with favor upon what he describes as the Triple Entente, which he hopes with time to see cemented into a second Triple Alliance as a necessary instrument for the preservation of the European balance of power. England, France, and Russia, with the coöperation of a powerful Balkan Alliance, should be in a position to hold German ambitions in check. The book is not quite a history, because all the materials for a definitive, scientific treatment are, obviously, not yet at hand. And it is not a prophecy, because the author professes himself fairly uncertain of the future. It is a book which falls into the class of *mémoires à servir,* and will prove useful chiefly to journalists in want of a compendium of the dates and outward facts of the last thirty years of international European politics.

Canon H. Hensley Henson chose for the subject of his Lyman Beecher lectures at Yale "The Liberty of Prophesying with Its Just Limits and Temper," adopting the title of a famous treatise of Jeremy Taylor (New Haven: Yale University Press). His discussion is concerned with the problems and difficulties of a progressive Anglican broad churchman, in view of the outworn formularies to which he is bound to subscribe, and his legal obligations to an orthodoxy which he has discarded. He finds that the clergyman who has won a modern attitude is in a difficult and embarrassing position, full of moral peril and distress, pressed upon, on the one hand, by official credenda, and, on the other, by the results of historical criticism and modern science. His chapter "On Reserve, and the Casuistic Problem Involved in the Preacher's Use of Scripture" is an impressive exhibition of the difficulties under which a clergyman of advanced views is forced to labor. One does not gain from these lectures a hopeful feeling as to the outlook for prophetic liberty in the Anglican church, nor is the work of the ministry made attractive by such a presentation of the burdens which a conscientious and enlightened teacher of religion is forced to bear, if he would serve in one of the great historic churches.

In the Transactions of the Asiatic Society of Japan (Vol. xxxvii, part 1), Dr. M. W. de Visser, recently appointed curator of the Ethnographic Museum at Leyden, continues his scholarly studies of the dog and cat in Japanese folk-lore, especially as the native notions are reflected in literature. The dog is regarded as a protector of mankind, and the cat as its deadly enemy; yet with exceptions. The active volcanoes of Japan, about twenty in number, which lie along four well-defined lines of geological weakness, are described from personal study by C. E. Bruce-Mitford. Prof. Arthur Lloyd defines what is still needed in the study of things Japanese. Most valuable contribution is the illustrated paper of Dr. Neil Gordon Munro on prehistoric survivals, in which he continues his demonstration of the initial occupation of the Nippon islands by the Ainu, or straight-eyed Aryan savages, now confined to Yezo.

From the Imperial Cabinet in Tokio come two volumes of the annual hygienic census and vital statistics for 1907—"Mouvement de la population" and "Statistique de causes de décès de l'Empire du Japon"—containing classification, with text in French, concerning sex, age, occupation, domicile, and diagnosis of the disorder of each person diseased; the whole set forth according to the months of the year, and divisions of the empire, with comparison of cities and districts and of previous years, and birth and death rate as to professions, etc. The same minute information is given as to births, marriages, and divorces. The diseases themselves are grouped according to the latest science, but diarrhœa and enteritis are included in "European" cholera. It is doubtful whether any other government issues so perfect a map of vital conditions under its administration as that of Japan.

Prof. William Graham Sumner, who had held the chair of political and social science at Yale since 1872, died at Englewood, N. J., on Tuesday, at the age of sixty-nine. He was born in Paterson, N. J., graduated at Yale in 1863, and studied at Göttingen and Oxford. From 1866 to 1869 he was a tutor at Yale, and he was thereafter an Episcopalian clergyman in New York and Morristown, N. J., until 1872. His books include, "What Social Classes Owe to Each Other," "Collected Essays in Political and Social Science," "Protectionism," lives of Andrew Jackson, Alexander Hamilton, and Robert Morris, "The Financier and Finances of the Revolution," "A History of Banking in the United States," and "Folkways."

Sir Robert Giffen, the English journalist, financial writer, and statistician, died in London on Tuesday at the age of seventy-three. He was sub-editor of the *Globe* in 1862-66, assistant editor of the *Economist* in 1868-76, chief of the statistical department of the Board of Trade in 1876-82, assistant secretary of the Board of Trade, and afterward controller-general of the Commercial, Labor, and Statistics Department in 1882-87. In 1882-84 he was president of the Statistical Society. He had been a contributor to the *Fortnightly Review,* the *Saturday Review,* and the *Spectator.* He was the author of "Stock Exchange Securities: An Essay on the General Causes of Fluctuation in Their Price," "Essays in Finance," etc.

Miss Catherine Helen Spence, the English journalist, editor, and author, died at Adelaide recently, at the age of seventy-four. She travelled and lectured in this country in 1893. Her better known novels include "Clare Morrison," "Tender and True," "Mr. Hogarth's Will," and "The Author's Daughter," and in 1884 she published anonymously in London "An Agnostic's Progress," written from a theistical point of view.

Joseph Hartwell Barrett, who was connected for several years with the Cincinnati *Gazette* as a political writer, and was United States commissioner of pensions in 1688-'79, died at Cincinnati on Sunday at the age of eighty-five. He had written a "Life of Abraham Lincoln" and "Abraham Lincoln and His Presidency."

Jean Moréas, the French poet, has died

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in Paris, at the age of fifty-three. He was born in Athens, Greece, his original name being Papadiamantopoulos, but in 1877 became a resident of Paris, where he edited several newspapers, such as *Le Décadent* and *La Vogue*. He published "Les Syrtes," "Les Cantilènes," "Le Voyage de Grèce," "Premières Poésies," and "Esquisses et souvenirs."

Science.

"Practical School Gardening," by Percy Elford and Samuel Heaton (Henry Frowde), is doubtless a useful book in its sphere, but we are at a loss to see its value in America. This is due to the very quality which should secure its English circulation, its practical character. There is no use in telling the American boy to prepare his garden in January or to plant peas in February. Certain small sections of our country approximate the English climate, but the remainder, both North and South, differs too widely for garden rules to hold. Further, English plant varieties are not sold here, pests are not the same, nor diseases, nor remedies. Directions for all of these are therefore either useless or misleading. We give so much space to this little book because it represents a class of very attractive publications which are imported here, are sold to our amateur gardeners, and take their place on the shelves of our public libraries. They are unsafe guides, and only the expert, understanding both English and American conditions, can use them with advantage.

A much better school guide is "Elements of Agriculture," by Prof. G. F. Warren of the New York State College of Agriculture (Macmillan). This book is different in scope, being for older students, and treating of the farm rather than the garden. The writer attempts a great deal: to cover, in a book of four hundred pages, the whole practice of modern general farming. Beginning with fundamental theories and principles, and well illustrated by diagrams, drawings, and photographic plates, the book treats of plant improvement, propagation, and food; of the soil and its fertility; of crops and their enemies; of animals and poultry, the dairy and the orchard, farm management, the farm home, and even the farming community. The attempt is heroic, and one result is the inevitable disadvantage of compression; but the book is decidedly commendable for its double purpose of a textbook in high schools and colleges, and of a farmer's handbook. For both purposes its value is increased by the author's practice of appending to each chapter lists of illustrative experiments and of supplementary reading. The book and its bibliographies are up to date. It is introduced by Prof. L. H. Bailey, who promises another to follow it, suitable for the grade schools.

Professor Bailey's own most recent book is his "Manual of Gardening" (Macmillan). As is noted in its preface, the book is not new; it is a combination of his earlier "Garden Making" and "Practical Garden Book," with revision and enlargement to include recent experiment and practice. We can do no better than to record our opinion that this is the best general handbook for the home gardener, who grows flowers and vegetables, shrubs and trees, and who has an eye to the beauty of his place. The volume is attractively bound and illustrated, and its appearance reminds us of the very wide influence which Professor Bailey's books, scientific or popular, have had upon our gardeners. His work is not spectacular, but we believe that, when services are counted up, he will prove to have done for recent American horticulture more than any other one man.

For readers able to follow the very notable discussion of radical changes in therapeutical methods suggested by recent investigations—to many full of promise, to others as yet very unconvincing—the "Studies on Immunisation and their Application to the Diagnosis and Treatment of Bacterial Infections," by Sir A. E. Wright (London: Constable & Co.), may be noted. Here are brought together some twenty-five articles relating to this topic which the distinguished English physician and his collaborators have published since 1897. Wright's articles on anti-typhoid inoculation, which appeared in the *Practitioner*, are not included, having been already utilized in his little book on that subject. The other articles are mostly reprinted without change, save the omission of some technical details which the author proposes to elaborate in a special volume. The last three articles are to some extent revised, and so are said to express Wright's later views. The book is made up of two parts. The first treats of the anti-bacterial elements of the blood, while the second, much larger and more interesting, discusses immunization as a therapeutical measure, or, as it may be called, the new vaccination. The subject is too complex for detailed consideration here. Let it suffice to say that by the vaccine therapy is meant inoculation, not a prophylactic inoculation, but a phylactic inoculation against micro-organisms which have already entered the body. This is done by the introduction of certain chemical substances, undetermined as yet, which cause the body to develop other protective substances in the blood. These necessary chemical substances are found in the sterilized cultures of the particular micro-organisms in question in each case. Such a bacterial vaccine is something quite different from a serum obtained from an animal inoculated with a micro-organism, and it is indeed quite possible that the successes of serum therapy are all due to the vaccine which happens to be contained in any efficient serum. This general doctrine is not quite so exclusively due to Wright as this book may lead some readers to infer, but he has been active for some years in its development, and is especially identified with certain studies which tend to place it upon a scientific basis, particularly in the practical application of it. As early as 1903 he formulated the principle which here reappears on his title-page: "The physician of the future will be an immunization." The book also contains a list of the scientific publications of the author. The index is interesting, being elaborated to serve as a synopsis and to bring out some special points. It is perhaps worth noting that while Wright definitely named the protective substances which he finds in the blood, or at least some of them, *opsōnins*, and the action of them in relation to phagocytosis the *opsōnic* effect (p. 83), writing them thus apparently to indicate the pronunciation, the new Webster records them thus: *ŏp'sonin* and *opson'ĭc*.

M. Charlois, one of the astronomers of the Nice Observatory, and the discoverer of many small comets, was assassinated on Easter Sunday by an unknown person. He was forty-five years old.

Eduard Friedrich Wilhelm Pflüger, professor of physiology in the University of Bonn, since 1859, died recently at the age of eighty. He had published "Ueber die Kohlensäure des Blutes," "Die teleologische Mechanik der lebendigen Natur," "Wesen und Aufgabe der Physiologie," and "Untersuchungen über die Physiologie des Elektrotonus." He was the founder of the Archiv für die gesamte Physiologie des Menschen und der Tiere.

Drama.

A Study of the Drama. By Brander Matthews. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.50 net.

This book, presenting in amplified form the substance of many essays upon dramatic and theatrical topics written in past years, is a comprehensive and interesting summary of the progressive steps in the development of dramatic art from the earliest classical period to our own day. In its broad outlines of general principles, conditions, and influences it furnishes about all the information on those subjects that the ordinarily intelligent reader is likely to require, while in its references to the best authorities it will be a valuable guide to the special student. It covers, if not minutely at least sufficiently, not only the English-speaking, but the principal European, stages, and the relations existing among them. From his youth up Professor Matthews has been a diligent and enthusiastic student of the theatre, at home and abroad—its dramatists, its players, and its technique—and few men are more conversant with the historical facts concerning it. In dealing with these he displays a full and accurate scholarship, and in his explanatory comments and deductions he is, in the main, perfectly sound.

But not everybody will agree with all his opinions. Most of what he says in his three chapters respecting the influence of the actor, the theatre, and the audience upon the work of the dramatist is true, and much of it obvious, but exception may well be taken to his plea in justification of those playwrights who write plays with a view to "fitting" a particular actor or actress. This practice, which the prevailing speculative and commercial system of management has made so common, has contributed, more than anything else, perhaps, to the decadence of acting and the discouragement of the capable dramatist. To argue in its favor is to put the cart before the horse. All hope of a great dramatic

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revival is vain if the imagination of the author is to be restrained within the limits of the capacity of the immediately available actor. The writer who condescends to hack work of this kind—his name, of course, is legion—simply sells his artistic soul into hopeless slavery for a mess of pottage. Whether Shakespeare had or had not Burbage in his mind when he created Hamlet is nothing to the purpose. There was no syndicate then. What is certain is that no author, as the case now stands, will write a new "Othello" or "Macbeth" with any of our existing actors in view. It is true that Rostand designed Cyrano for Coquelin, but it is also true that there is much more in Cyrano than Coquelin, or any other actor, has yet expressed in action. That only means that Rostand, in this instance, is greater than his interpreters. The first need of the stage is a free field for competition. With that secured, we might reasonably expect, in due order, the great dramatist and the actor to play him. Art, whether literary or histrionic, thrives upon tribulation and struggle, not upon coddling or advertisement. And the author is more important than the actor. Shakespeare is more than Garrick or Salvini.

Again the proposition that the dramatist must give the people what they want is only partly true. As a dogma, it involves a common but most mischievous fallacy. Virtually it implies that the theatre to be prosperous must cater to the uncultivated tastes and crude instincts of the vast majority. To grant this would be to deny to it the one supreme and proper function upon which it can rest its claim to be accounted among the arts—of which it ought to be the exemplar and the epitome—to deprive it of all value as a public institution, and to degrade it to the level of the circus. Mr. Matthews is indisputably right in declaring that the chief object of the great bulk of theatre-goers is recreation, but that may be obtained and provided in an infinite variety of ways. There are folk who prefer to take it sadly. The fact is that it is almost impossible, before trial, to discover what the public really "wants," although it is tolerably easy to define what it will accept. The one sure thing is that its interest must be excited and maintained. A little reflection will show that in matters theatrical, the public—in the mass—has no way of making or enforcing a "demand." The one privilege it enjoys is the power of choice between such plays as are offered, and, as a rule, the popular judgment is acute and solid. It rarely happens that a good play, if well performed—this last is a vital point—meets with failure. This truth is evidently familiar to Mr. Matthews, who writes with much discernment on the subject of subsidized houses and on the proved capacity of the populace to appreciate and support the very highest forms of drama. Everybody admits the potentiality of the theatre for evil. It can be, and ought to be, just as powerful for good. No other institution has equal opportunities of offering—in the guise of amusement—such a variety of instruction and inspiration in art, conduct, and morals. The ambitious dramatist must seek to please his audience—that is a platitude—but only as a means to gaining higher and more artistic ends.

In his brief reference to Ibsen, Mr. Matthews is emphatic, clear, and sane, giving the famous Norwegian full credit for his remarkable skill as a constructive playwright, but insisting upon the essentially parochial spirit of his social plays. His essay on dramatic definitions is ingenious, but the terms which he employs are necessarily so elastic that it may be questioned whether their formation is worth the labor bestowed upon it. In traditions and conventions, he discusses, with much acumen, the causes which have led to the disappearance of the stage "soliloquy." But, inasmuch as the stage can never be absolutely natural, it is still an open question whether the device of the soliloquy is wholly inadmissible upon artistic grounds. That it has been abused, grossly and ridiculously, is undeniable. But, after all, many persons do speak aloud, unconsciously, when under nervous strain, and perhaps this particular conventionality is preferable, upon proper occasions, to some of the clumsy expedients often employed in order to avoid it. The distinction which he draws between the poetic drama and the poetic play is complete and just, but it should be observed that some of the really poetic dramas recently produced, failed not so much because they were essentially undramatic, but on account of the present total lack of actors able to speak or act them adequately.

William Winter, for so many years the dramatic critic of the *Tribune*, is writing a series of articles on dramatic subjects for *Harper's Weekly*. His opening essay on theatrical mismanagement is a trenchant bit of work.

The performance of "Beethoven" in the New Theatre on Monday evening—the closing production of the season—was not a triumphant success. The piece is an adaptation by Henry Grafton Chapman from the original French of René Fauchois, which was highly praised in Paris. Much virtue may have evaporated in the process of remaking. In the English version, used in London by Sir Herbert Tree, the translator was L. N. Parker. It can scarcely be called a drama at all, being simply a series of episodes partly illustrative of the life and character of the composer, who was not in all respects well adapted to stage treatment. Glimpses are given of him as a politician of rampant democratic principles, as an unlucky lover, as the inspired composer, as the victim of a cruel deafness, and as the neglected, abused, and dying genius, soothed by the vision of angelic embodiments of his own symphonies. Throughout the representation there runs an appropriate accompaniment of selected Beethoven music, which, interpreted as it is at the New Theatre by a capable orchestra, is a most pleasing feature. But the mixture of realism and fantasy does not further dramatic illusion. The dramatic qualities, indeed, are altogether inconsiderable. Interest centres wholly in the figure of Beethoven, to whom the other personages supply the necessary background, and the music. Donald Robertson, who plays the composer, is well fitted for the part physically, and not only gives it characteristic shape, but a positive and consistent individuality. He has a certain control of both passion and pathos, but not, apparently, to a supreme degree. His voice, a rich bass, is exceedingly fine, and his enunciation is clear, but unfortunately he employs but little variety of inflection.

John W. Albaugh, son of the late John W. Albaugh, actor and theatrical manager, died last Thursday in Baltimore. He was born in this city in 1867, and was only ten years old when he made his first stage appearance, dancing a hornpipe between acts at the Leland Opera House in Albany. The same year he played child parts in "William Tell" and other productions. After graduation from college he joined Lawrence Barrett's company, and three years later he went to Baltimore to take the management of the Lyceum Theatre, remaining for thirteen years. He gave up the managerial end in 1900 to give all his time to acting.

Music.

Music: Its Laws and Evolution. By Jules Combarieu. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.75 net.

La Musique et la Magie. Par Jules Combarieu. Paris: Alphonse Picard et Fils. 10 francs.

In the first of these two books M. Combarieu tries to prove that music is "the art of thinking in sounds"; beside a great many other things not organically related; he himself appears to have realized this, for in the final section he says: "After so many excursions into fields where I must, at times, have shown more curiosity than actual knowledge or clearness, it is time to conclude." What one misses most is a clue through the mazes of the author's statements. However, taken by themselves, the chapters repay perusal, and every writer deserves thanks who combats the notion of the Max Müller school of philologists that thought is impossible without the aid of words. M. Combarieu endeavors to show that at all times music has been cultivated as a product of original thought, distinct from the verbal thought; it is "a manifestation of a general and deep instinct, more or less hidden, but everywhere recognizable in humanity." The Hottentot who has only a few notes in his melodies thinks

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in sounds as does Bach, only his thought is (from our point of view) blurred, incomplete, and barbarous.

In endeavoring to reveal the identity of primitive and modern ideas of music the author cites Wagner's statement that "the power of the composer is naught else than that of the magician. It is really in a state of enchantment that we listen to one of Beethoven's symphonies." These and similar statements by German philosophers are taken literally instead of figuratively, and thus the conclusion is reached that "the musical metaphysics of the Germans and primitive magic are one and the same thing." Musical practice, on the other hand, we are further told, is not what it was formerly. We go to an opera or a concert merely for entertainment, whereas formerly "music was associated, as an organic and essential element, with the acts of religious and profane life, of war, and of peace." Here again M. Combarieu exaggerates. In war and peace, in camp, and battle, at weddings and funerals, in joy and grief, music is as closely related with life as ever. Of this close relationship the author himself gives some quaint illustrations in his chapter on Music and Social Life, particularly where he compares the ornamental style of French music under the ancient régime with the curl-papers, the ribbons, and the patches of that time.

Darwin's theory of sexual selection does not meet with entire approval in these pages, and certainly Darwin was wrong in saying that music cannot translate fear, hatred, terror, or fury. How about "Elektra"? "Why is not the ape a greater musician than the nightingale?" is another problem to be solved. More interesting is the attempt (p. 243) to show that Ferrand and Ingegnieros were wrong in classing Victor Hugo, Andrew Lang, Théophile Gautier, Macaulay, Cuvier, and Max Müller as "musical idiots."

The few pages here devoted to magic and music are expanded in "La Musique et la Magie" to a treatise of 375 pages, with the sub-title, "Etude sur les origines populaires de l'art musical, son influence et sa fonction dans les sociétés." Though not "couronné par l'Académie Française," like the volume just commented on, it is a more scholarly and coherent treatise. In it an attempt is made to answer such questions as "Why does music hold so important a place in the history of civilization?" "Why was it associated from time immemorial with religious and social acts, with agriculture, with medicine, with love and hate, with every detail of life and death?" Musical historians generally begin with the ancient Greeks. From the tyranny of this custom the author frees himself, taking the reader much farther back, at least from the evolutionary point of view, by attempting to show that modern music sprang from primitive magic by way of "lyrisme religieux." In support of this thesis he adduces a vast number of facts relating to the magic rites and the music connected therewith of savages, barbarians, and ancient civilized peoples. We still use the word "charm" in connection with music, and, while it no longer means what it did, it recalls the time when men believed that music could compel rain or shine, love or hate; that it could heal or harm and influence life and nature in countless ways. That this belief was practically universal is what makes it interesting and important.

Before leaving for Europe, Gustav Mahler said: "Strauss has told me that henceforth he will write only operas. He says that he is done with symphonic works."

Theodore Spiering has been reëngaged as concert master of the Philharmonic Orchestra. He is assisting Mr. Mahler in the attempt to make the string family in the Philharmonic as select as possible.

Liverpool will commemorate on Saturday the diamond jubilee of Sir Charles Santley, who was born in that city in 1834 and began his musical career some fourteen years later. The chief feature of the concert to be given will be the appearance of the veteran baritone himself.

Goldmark's "Queen of Sheba," which was the sensation of the New York opera season a quarter of a century ago, is soon to have its first performance in the United Kingdom at Manchester, by the Carl Rosa Company. Goldmark, who will attain the age of eighty on May 18, spent a decade of his life writing and revising this opera.

The 11,500,000 marks needed for the new opera house in Berlin are now in hand, and the building is to be erected on Kurfürstendamm. Angelo Neumann, the veteran Prague manager, is to be the director-in-general. It was he who, nearly thirty years ago, toured various European countries with Anton Seidl and a Nibelung company.

Art.

AFTERTHOUGHTS ON WHISTLER.

A gentleman once came into a painter's studio, and in the course of chat admitted an income of fourteen thousand crowns. Before leaving, he inquired the price of a landscape and was told two hundred crowns; smilingly, he said he would call again, in hope of a lower price. On a second visit, the price was three hundred. Scenting a joke, the patron redoubled his praises of the picture and made a third inquiry. "Four hundred crowns," said the painter, "and a hundred crowns more every time you ask, and to rid myself of your importunity, and show up your stinginess, and finally, to prove that with all your fourteen thousand crowns you cannot buy one picture of mine, here goes." Whereupon the painter kicked the canvas into rags. This story is told, not of Whistler, but of one Salvator Rosa, who, more than two centuries earlier, had unpardonably anticipated many of the devices of the author of the "Gentle Art of Making Enemies." Salvator's pictures are still in the galleries, but how little the pose he elaborately maintained now matters! The time will come when Whistler's symphonies and arrangements will have no advantage in mere notoriety over the reliques of stupid men. Horsley, of whose campaign against the nude was contemptuously written *Horsley soit qui mal y pense*, may look nearly as impressive as Whistler in a museum catalogue of the twenty-second century.

Already the mere wonder of Whistler is lessening. The legend which he assiduously built up is crumbling, despite the official hagiographers. Such comprehensive exhibitions as those of Boston and London tended at once to make more normal and slightly to diminish the impression of his art. The smaller anthology now presented by the Metropolitan Museum leaves one positively rubbing one's eyes and wondering what these battles already long ago were all about. Only a few weeks since this ill-proportioned square hall was hung with Rembrandt, Steen, Ruysdael, Vermeer. The memory is a bit overwhelming. In honor of our own great *précieux*, the walls have now been draped with a crepuscular cheesecloth. It gives a certain distinction to the display, but it is not Copley Hall.

The three great portraits (what need to name them?) are necessarily absent: Everything else is well represented; though one misses such a masterpiece of the early realistic days as Westminster Bridge. For it The Blue Wave, a kind of sublimation of Courbet, is a fair substitute. The portraits are, with the exception of the etherial and baffling Florence Leyland, which the Brooklyn Museum has lent, conquerors in many previous shows. Here is that strange expression of wistful agility, the violinist Pablo Sarasate, and the fragile aristocracy of the poet Robert de Montesquiou. Here is the melancholy mask of that sorely tried and trying patron, Francis Leyland, the æsthetic ship master. In one corner, aloof, yet conscious of you, the Andalousienne glances over her shoulder; across the hall is poised in complete unconsciousness Rosa Corder, true Diana of Park Lane. Her presence almost compensates for the absence of the Mother and the adorable Miss Alexander. The absolute discretion of Whistler's art is in this portrait of a young gentlewoman. Observing the pallor of the face proudly unconscious in its setting of vibrant browns and grays, Mr. Huneker happily reads into the whole the legend of inaccessibility—*Noli me tangere*.

Beside the smaller portraits, the Japanese manner is exemplified in The Gold-

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en Screen, and Lange Leizen, the blues of which are a feast, and The Ocean. Of the nocturnes and similar open-air arrangements, there are five, including the delicious Blue and Silver—Battersea Reach and the notorious Falling Rocket, which cost Ruskin a farthing and several painful quarter-hours. In what, for want of a better name, we may call the English manner are the Music Room and the Little White Girl. Singularly apart stands the big White Girl, and to crown the exhibition there is a fine group of those nudes and semi-nudes in pastel which are rather obviously called the Tanagra series. The Museums, the Freer, Whittemore, Pope, and Johnson, and Canfield collections, among others, have given of their best. So great is the diversity of style that one is reminded of the paradox of the German critic Meier-Graefe, for whom Whistler was a case of multiple personality. But under the evident variety of its components, the show has unity enough. A principle of ultra-refinement, of sensitiveness, and appealing charm runs through the whole. There is a Whistler manner as distinct as the Greuze mannerism. Realist, impressionist, mere prestidigitator—in all rôles, he is prince charming. The conviction grows insensibly, as one notes how many of these pictures lack the more substantial qualities of fine painting, that his art is one of avoidance; negative, not positive. There are certain exquisitely disciplined personalities to whom we yield ourselves unconditionally, only to perceive later, and with a little shock, that they prevail through elimination of the common and wholesome asperities. This thought we may pursue later. What is important is to note that, save for this evasive charm, all Whistler's work has taken on a more usual look. Possibly the miracle of the symphonies and arrangements depended largely upon the background of the Royal Academy, which assuredly was a world to satisfy Huxley—a world in which miracles did not happen.

Whistler's dæmon never served him better than in suggesting London. His native America was plainly out of the question. Paris, the city of Whistler's love, afforded no appropriate stage. Had he grown to maturity alongside Boudin, Manet, Cazin, Fantin, Degas, he would probably have been a better painter. This was his own opinion. But, clearly, he would have been much less of a portent. Even his wit would there have seemed not outrageous, but merely exceptional. In the Parisian drama he could hardly have been a protagonist; London from the first gladly awarded him the part of Apollyon, and trembled while it hated. The result is that we have taken his works as the cartels of a champion. Against the murkiness of the Royal Academy they have glowed like an oriflamme. Seen simply as paintings, they must take on a different aspect. That, surely, is the reason why just the shade of a chill now accompanies the attempt to renew the old, fond adventure of a soul among symphonies and arrangements.

It will clarify our vision if we go to the galleries of old masters for a moment and there take a glance at a few superlative examples of fine painting. Let us choose Vermeer of Delft, Hals in his portrait of a woman, Renoir's Mme. Charpentier among her children, Manet's Boy with a Sword. Then to the Vanderbilt Gallery, observing on the way a supreme example of charm, Rossetti's Lady Lilith. In the long corridor, for charm and masterly execution combined, let us halt before the best of the Alfred Stevenses. As we pursue the long way back, it will be well to lug in Velasquez—mentally, of course, for the Museum lacks him. Thus we shall have set for the Whistlers the very severest comparisons, and I think that only a fanatic will insist that his art, with all its winsomeness, is not distinctly of a smaller accent, at times of a rather thin preciosity. Let us ask a blunt question? Is there a superlatively fine picture in the room? The present writer is sure only of one—The Little White Girl. Surely, no time will stale the lovely pensiveness of the mood, the dulcet quality of a workmanship everywhere perfectly assured, the keen accord of the various whites. In comparison, the big White Girl is far-fetched and rapidly becoming merely odd. To paint white on white has ceased to be a marvel; in fact, it never was except in a color-blind age. Aside from this, the big White Girl is uncertainly balanced and uncomfortable to look at for long. The Japanese pictures are refined to a degree, subtly harmonized, and present individual passages of the finest color. They are so evidently mere confections—self-confessed stages towards the Little White Girl—that their analysis may be waived. The Music Room, perhaps the most accomplished of the early pictures, keeps one long in doubt. It is the most strenuously complicated of Whistler's interiors. What seems to place it just a little lower than first-class is an eccentric edginess, and some lack of complete unity. The Rosa Corder is so lovely an apparition that I will not argue the technical reasons that make it not quite a great portrait. To a discerning eye the whole of Whistler is in this canvas. Enhance it as by a *tour de force*, and you would get the Mother or Miss Alexander, transfer the manner to landscape and the symphonies and nocturnes logically ensue. The essence of it is an infallible pictorial sense. The focus of that pallid face in its setting of brown and gray is perfect. Where the picture comes a little short of the best is in a too-ready sacrifice of the beauty of definition to that of unity, in a *parti-pris* of tone which makes the artist impose the harmony arbitrarily instead of extorting it from the data. This tendency, barely discernible in the Rosa Corder, becomes pronounced in the nocturnes. There is a thrill in most of them that makes one forget their high degree of artificiality. Cazin's moonlights, in a manner far abler, lack the glamour. Millet has done the thing with equal charm and greater majesty. Whistler invented a most useful decorative formula, which he abused a little himself. His followers have shown how much of a trick it was. His art is so personal and distinguished that European painting hardly suffices to demonstrate its insubstantiality. One may fairly judge a picture like Symphony in Gray and Green: the Ocean, only by comparing it with what it simulates—the color-prints of Japan. Better yet, take landscape painting of the Chinese school. The Eastern product is finer at every point, more spacious, more mysterious, and, above all, more knowing. It gets by direct and exquisite selection from nature what Whistler got by evasion. To a Japanese connoisseur most of his work would seem superficial, and just a bit slovenly. And this means that, while he valiantly shook off the cheap naturalism of Europe, he never underwent the discipline necessary to attain to the mystical naturalism of the Far East. Artistically, he remains a man without a country.

Here he was more or less of a victim. In his etching, his most important achievement, he managed to keep his feet on the ground. Doubtless, he would have done so in his painting also, but for the presence of the "enemies." Of them he was morbidly conscious. He dwarfed himself by resolutely being as unlike the Royal Academy as possible. He moved in an atmosphere of hostility tempered by adulation equally excessive. He fatally lacked the company and the criticism of his peers. The work he did in such unwholesome isolation testifies to the extraordinary natural gift of the man. His quality, however, was not to be great, but to be charming. Possibly, the Tanagra pastels show him quintessentially. The refinement with which these little figures are set within the tinted sheet, the deftness of the spotting, the value of the sparsely applied color, a sensuousness that for being discreetly attenuated is all the more effective—such are the salient qualities of this work. It recalls, as the word Tanagra does, the subtly coquettish flavor of Hellenistic art. There is a hint of Correggio, though not his vigor, and a stronger reminiscence of the pensive charm of Watteau. Not merely in enduing the figure with a peculiarly aristocratic glamour, but, more technically, in adopting the blue tints as harmonizers, the poet-painter of Paris anticipated the poet-painter of Chelsea. By an occasional *tour de force*—a handful of

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the Thames etchings, the three great portraits—Whistler imposes upon us. We fail to note how exceptional this work is. The real Whistler is not in the sabre stroke, but in the caress or the equally feline scratch. It was this that made him so readily lean toward Rossetti. In fact, his relation to the early English illustrators and painters has strangely been overlooked. Like them, he inherited much from the mannerly school of the eighteenth century. What is the title etching to the French Set, one of his most engaging groups of figures, really like? Is it not like a superlative Stothard sketch, and even more like a Dicky Doyle? Walter Crane, as a decorator, shows qualities and defects singularly akin to those of Whistler as a painter. These analogies are raised merely to show that, normally, Whistler's place is not with the men of power, but with the men of charm. In painting he must have learned much from Gainsborough and more from Turner, who, in fact, has anticipated more robustly many of the triumphs of the arrangements and symphonies.

Withal, Whistler remains absolutely personal and apart. His art, being one of avoidance, evading certain fundamental requirements of structure, is on the whole a small one, but exquisite, idiomatic, and refreshing. An excess of languor, too great a dependence upon the hypnotic effect of the merely vague, is its defect. It heralded a needed reaction against the color-blindness of the official art of France and England, but, unhappily, it set a generation of secessionists to weaving abstract and rather trivial iridescences. In the doctrine of preciousness of surface, Whistler did both harm and good. To show how really hideous was much that passed for fine painting was a public service. To suggest that manipulated pigments can or should vie with the specific beauties of ceramic enamels or Eastern weavings was to launch a forlorn hope. On this theme of "quality" much nonsense has been put about. Simply as an agreeable colored texture no painting compares with a fine Persian tile. In other words, the painter must atone in other perfections—in a masterly sense of form, in beautiful and complicated arrangements, in spaciousness, in personal interpretation of bare appearances—for the relative meanness of his materials. Whistler met these requirements only about half way, hence falls out of the class of great and well-rounded painters. His tact was sufficient to keep him clear of the more demoralizing implications of his own theories. Naturally, his imitators lacked the subtlety to see that the master frequently took himself in a Pickwickian sense. They lacked, more lamentably, the discipline of sound early studies. Without having done their Thames etchings, they undertook their nocturnes. Where Whistler was limpid, they made a virtue of deliquescence. In him were the seeds of the best and the worst tendencies in modern painting. Fighting magnificently for the decorative ideal of picture-making—a truly regenerative principle—he also reduced the painter's art to mere epidermal bloom, a dangerous counsel of anarchy. Hence no one can be quite indifferent to him. Is not this according to his strictest definition of success? Nor would one gauge too narrowly his evident limitations. He is so charming that one will generally take him at his own valuation. As time goes on, however, it will become clear that his abode in the Elysian fields is nearer the pleasant garden-houses of Watteau and Fragonard than the imposing mansions of Turner and Velasquez.

F. J. M.

The Bruno-Hessling Company (New York) announces the publication of "The Château of Haar," by B. J. H. Cuypers, with illustrations showing the recent restoration of the château; "Applied Bronze Work in the Style of Louis XVI," by E. and W. Hessling, a collection of documents and photographs after the original pieces in the Musée des Arts Décoratifs of Paris, illustrating furniture mounts, trimmings, and various decorative motifs for plastic and metal work; "Stil-lehre," by O. Haebler, studies of styles for colored surface decoration, including textiles, wall-paper, etc.; "The Castle of Brucksaler," by Fritz Hirsch, showing examples of the Louis XV style in Europe, and "The Architectural forms of the Classic Ages," by Constantine Uhde, formerly professor at the Technical High School of Braunschweig.

The paintings, tapestries, and rugs collected by the late Charles T. Yerkes were sold at auction last week at Mendelssohn Hall, in this city, the entire lot bringing $2,034,450. The general character of the collection and the doubtfulness of some of the attributions—such as Holbein, Dürer, Memling, David, Murillo, Botticelli, and Verrocchio—were referred to in the *Nation* of March 31. But the general average was high, and some of the questionable pictures had much intrinsic merit. The more important of the canvases and other articles were sold at the following figures:

APRIL 5.

Alma Tadema, Spring	$22,600
Josef Israel, Frugal Meal	19,500
Ludwig Knaus, Country Festival	10,600
Bouguereau, Invading Cupid's Realm	10,000
George Inness, Sunset Landscape	8,400
Detaille, The Retreat	6,200
Escort of the Emperor	6,000
Cazin, Artist's Studio	5,400
Meissonier, The Reconnaissance	5,300
Monticelli, Diana and Nymphs	5,200
Joseph Bail, Servants Lunching	5,100
Clays, Calm on Scheldt	5,000
Vibert, Sacrilegious Monkey	4,300
Gérôme, Pygmalion and Galatea	4,000
Burne-Jones, Princess Led to Dragon	2,050
Princess Chained	2,000
Alfred Stevens, Lady with Cherries	700

APRIL 6.

Corot, The Fisherman	$0,500
Morning, companion picture to The Fisherman	52,100
Environs Ville d'Avray	20,100
Path to Village	6,800
The Old Church	4,800
Daubigny, Banks of Oise	15,500
On River Oise	15,500
Landscape at Seashore	5,000
Diaz, Gathering Fagots	30,000
Gorge in the Forest	5,600
Cupid Disarmed	3,100
Dupré, At Sea	6,000
Landscape by River	5,100
Stag in the Forest	5,100
Sunrise	5,000
Millet, The Pig-Killers	44,100
Rousseau, Landscape on River Berry	26,100
Valley of Tiffange	10,000
Constant Troyon, Going to Market	60,500
Greuze, Reverie	22,000
Boucher, Toilet of Venus	25,500
Turner, Rockets and Blue Lights	129,000
A Dream of Venice	60,000
St. Michael's Mount	8,500
Italian Landscape	8,300
Sir Joshua Reynolds, Portrait of Lady O'Brien	20,200
Romney, portrait of Mrs. Ralph Willett	6,100
Harlow, Portrait of Boy	3,600

APRIL 7.

Brueghel, Thief steals from thief; Fill well after calf is drowned; Bacon too good for your mouth, and As full as an egg	$2,300
Claude Corneille, François, Duc de Bretagne	5,000
Attributed to Raphael, Holy Family and sparrow	6,200
Metsu, The Letter	17,100
Attributed to Dürer, Portrait of Hans Gunder	5,000
De Keyser, Portrait of Gentlemen	1,900
Rembrandt, Portrait of a Rabbi	51,400
Portrait of Joris de Coulery	34,500
Philemon and Baucis	32,000
Resurrection of Lazarus	11,100
Frans Hals, Portrait of a Woman	137,000
The Singers	33,500
The Violin Player and the Singing Girl	32,200
Hobbema, Old Mill	3,900
View in Westphalia	48,000
The Ford	10,000
Peter de Hooch—Interior	11,800
Music Party	7,400
The Glass of Lemonade	10,300
Jan Both, Sunset	900
Bronzino, Portrait of Lady	2,000
Jan Steen, False Players	6,100
The Siesta	16,500
Christ Driving Traders from Temple	3,500
Boors Merrymaking	9,300
Vandyke, Wolfgang, Duke of Nieubourg	2,500
Rubens, Ixion and Hera	20,500
Two Apostles	4,200

APRIL 8.

Paul Potter, Landscape with cattle and figures	$13,500
Landscape and Cattle	10,600
Dancing in the Barn	24,000
Solario, Annunciation	11,300

The Yerkes antique Oriental rugs and carpets and the tapestries were sold Friday afternoon. The former brought $281,950; the tapestries $56,950. Here are some of the highest prices paid:

Silk carpet from Ardebil Mosque	$35,500
Great Mosque carpet of Ardebil	27,000
Persian state carpet, sixteenth century	33,000
Bagdad carpet, sixteenth century	19,000
Persian carpet, sixteenth century	16,000
Persian carpet from Ardebil Mosque	15,200
Polish carpet, sixteenth century	12,300
Perso-Aram tomb carpet	10,200

The Gobelin tapestries, Vulcan and Venus, and The Rape of Europa, belonging to a set of four, brought $17,700 and $12,300, respectively.

In the London *Times* of March 26, A. Ashby of the British School in Rome gives an interesting summary of recent archæological research in Italy. In the Roman Forum the work is still going on slowly. The excavation of the Basilica Æmilia is continued; the prehistoric necropolis has been almost entirely filled in, and the Republican house near the Arch of Titus has been completely cleared. On the Palatine researches are carried on under the foundations of the eastern portion of the house of Livia. In the course of building operations within and without the city walls of Rome various finds of interest have been made, such as the discovery in the Villa Patrizi of the fragments of the base of a white marble candelabrum decorated with small niches containing statuettes; of a fine portrait bust of the first century A. D. outside the Porta Portese; and of several fragments of sculptures which adorned a peristyle found within the area of the Gardens of Sallust. On the site of the former Villa Spithoever, a fine stretch of the wall which enclosed the city of Rome in the fifth (?) century B. C., has recently been fully exposed to view. It is built of slabs of gray-green tufa, about ten inches in

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height and twenty inches in length and width, and is certainly earlier than the so-called Servian wall. Explorations in some of the churches of Rome have led to important results: under the church of SS. Giovanni e Paolo on the Cælian Hill a painting, representing a mythological scene in a harbor, was found in a nymphæum. Under S. Crisogono remains of the house of the saint were found, and considerable portions of the earlier church, which was built into it. The excavations at Ostia, the ancient port of Rome, are being continued. A considerable portion of the city has been examined; a street leading to the theatre, with a portico on its west side, has been cleared; of the objects discovered the most important is a fine statue of a lady of the Imperial house, with the attributes of Ceres, probably dating from the reign of Hadrian. On the property of the King of Italy near by was discovered one of the three public baths which Pliny the Younger mentions as existing. North of Rome, at Ferento, near Viterbo, ancient baths and the interior of the theatre have been cleared; in the former a number of Roman inscriptions came to light. Pre-Roman tombs were discovered at Terni, Pavia, Este, near Padua, and at Belmonte and Fermo, in Picenum. Excavations carried on near Teano, on the property of Baron Zarone, brought to light the remains of important Roman thermæ, situated close to some mineral springs. At Pompeii a certain amount of work has been done, including the excavation of a pre-Roman necropolis, and much attention has been devoted to the restoration and preservation of the houses discovered in 1902-5.

Louis Lemaire, the French painter of landscapes and flowers, died recently in Paris, at the age of eighty-six. His pictures were frequently exhibited in the Salon.

William McTaggart, the Scotch landscape painter, died recently at his home in Mid Lothian, at the age of sixty-five. One of his highland scenes, The Storm, was bought by Andrew Carnegie twelve years ago for £1,000, and there are examples of his work in the Royal Glasgow Institute of Fine Arts, and in the Royal Scottish Academy, of which he became a member in 1859, while in 1870 he was elected an Academician.

Finance.

GOLD EXPORTS AND MONEY MARKETS.

Export of $7,500,000 gold from New York to London last week is not on its face at all an unnatural operation. During the first two months of the present year this country had imported $48,000,000 more foreign goods than in the same months of 1909, and had exported $12,000,000 less. In February, imports had actually run beyond exports—the first occasion in seventeen years when this had occurred at such a time of year. There have been occasions when a trade position of this sort has been offset, in a natural way, by import of foreign capital for use in our money markets, or by European purchase of American securities. Some considerable sales of our new issues of stocks and bonds have, in fact, been made to Europe during the present season—notably part of the New York city loan—and this export of securities undoubtedly served in a measure to balance the merchandise trade account. But of the usually much more important flow of European capital into our ordinary market loans, there has been virtually none. There was little inducement for it, when our own Wall Street money rate was well below the short or long-time rates on Lombard Street.

It is not only true, indeed, that England has lately been increasing her exports of merchandise to us because of the abnormal American demand, and decreasing her imports because of our cotton shortage and our exorbitant price of wheat. For use of the world's capital, also, London has been of late the predominant bidder, and it is this which has found indirect expression in the flow of gold to England, both from New York and from portions of the Continent. This English demand for money has an exceedingly interesting double cause—the wild speculation in a mass of new-fangled rubber and oil company shares on the London Stock Exchange, and the absence, at the Bank of England, of a reserve such as markets would prefer to see in the face of such speculative unsettlement. Last week's report of that institution, indeed, shows the lowest ratio of reserve to liabilities of any corresponding week in eleven years. It is not at all surprising, therefore, that the London bank rate should already have been advanced last month, and that a further rise should be looked for in the near future.

The excited speculation now in progress on London's Stock Exchange has an indirect, rather than a direct, bearing upon this situation. Undoubtedly, the rapid enhancement of values for that market's newly-issued rubber-company shares increases whatever strain already exists on capital supplies; and when, in response to the public's speculative appetite, $8,000,000 of such shares have been floated in a single week—with some of such issues, according to current London dispatches, rising at once to a premium of 300 per cent. over the subscription price—the credit market could hardly fail to be influenced.

But it is not the "rubber boom" alone which the markets have to keep in mind. Applications for new capital from all sources—governments, cities, railways, and corporations—reached on the English money market, during the past three months, a total not matched in any previous quarter of that market's history. The £99,300,000 new securities thus placed in London, up to the close of March, run far beyond the highest quarterly record either of the Boer War period or of the era of excited Argentine promotion prior to 1890. Nor does the London market have only the new English borrowings to consider, or even the heavy applications of foreign governments. It knows that the American market for new security issues has for some time past been looking to London for the capital which, on account of the magnitude of those issues, has become considerably less easy to obtain at home.

The converging of this pressure, in so unusually aggressive shape, upon the London market is a particularly interesting fact, because London, as the world's central market for credit and capital, reflects conditions throughout the world. The rather obvious inference, from a situation of the sort, is that the world at large has lately been going ahead too fast in exploiting capital. It is answered that the world-wide rise in prices of commodities has of itself served to swell these requisitions as compared with former periods, because larger sums of money than a decade or so ago are required to-day to purchase the same materials. Even battleships cannot be built by governments on any such terms as would have sufficed ten years ago. But granting this factor in the situation, it should be apparent that it merely explains but does not remove the difficulty.

Furthermore, there is pretty good ground for arguing that higher prices are only a partial cause for the larger demands on capital. The fact that battleships to-day cost more than in 1900 certainly has not inspired in governments a determination to be circumspect in their plans for such expenditure. On the contrary, the programme of the day, in almost every important state, is for the building of more warships than ever before and larger warships than ever before. It is difficult to doubt that a more or less similar tendency has been running through the plans of other branches of finance and industry. Merchants, manufacturers, and railway companies not only are paying higher prices for their materials, but are making and carrying largely increased amounts. What the situation in the world's markets for capital must

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mean, then, is that some sort of modification must be made in these ambitious plans. Individuals who have become extravagant, and who have been encouraged, by a long era of easy credit, in the habit of living beyond their means, are apt to get their warning from the money market, and to find their condition better in all respects if they accept the warning. On a larger scale, the case is no different with governments, cities, and corporations.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Baker, R. S. The Spiritual Unrest. Stokes Co. $1.35 net.
Blackwood, A. The Education of Uncle Paul. Holt. $1.50.
Clarke, V. Leaves. London: William Heinemann.
Cromer, Earl of. Ancient and Modern Imperialism. Longmans, Green. 90 cents net.
Davison, A. Davison's Human Body and Health. Amer. Book Co. 40 cents.
Dinsmore, J. S. Verses and Sonnets. Doubleday, Page.
Dubois, P. Nervous States. Funk & Wagnalls. 75 cents net.
Edwards, D. W. Up the Grade. Boston: C. M. Clark Pub. Co.
Elson, W. H., and Keck, C. Elson Grammar School Reader. Book Three. Chicago: Scott, Foresman.
Every-Day Ethics. Addresses delivered in the Page Lecture Series, 1909. New Haven, Conn.: Yale Univ. Press. $1.25 net.
Fairbridge, K. Veld Verse and Other Lines. London: David Nutt.
French, F. F. Skid Puffer. Holt. $1.50.
Giles, L. Sun Tzu on the Art of War. London: Luzac.
Hart, J. A. Vigilante Girl. McClurg. $1.50.
Hartland, E. S. Primitive Paternity: The Myth of Supernatural Birth in Relation to the History of the Family. 2 vols. London: David Nutt.
Hoffman, R. Some Musical Recollections of Fifty Years. Scribner.
Holzworth, F. J. German Students' Manual. American Book Co. $1.
Hopkins, C. G. Soil Fertility and Permanent Agriculture. Boston: Ginn.
Hughes, T. History of the Society of Jesus in North America. Vol. I, Part ii. Cleveland: Burrows Brothers. $4.50 net.
Johnson's Wonder-Working Providence, 1628-1651. Edited by J. F. Jameson. Scribner. $3 net.
Kelly, M. Little Aliens. Scribner. $1.50.
Knipe, E. B., and A. A. Little Miss Fales. Harper. $1.25.
Lane, E. M. The Apple Tree Cottage. Harper. 50 cents net.
La Rochelle, P. de New Study of French Verbs; Guide to French Pronunciation. 2 vols. Frank K. Kane. $1.50 and 50 cents, respectively.
Lucas, S. John. The First Round. Dutton. $1.25 net.
Lynde, F. The Taming of Red Butte Western. Scribner. $1.50.
Manual of Style: Compilation of Typographical Rules in Force at the Univ. of Chicago Press. 82 cents.
Mason, E. H. The Politician. Chicago: McClurg. $1.50.
Maxwell, W. H., and others. Speaking and Writing. American Book Co. 20 cents.
May, F. L. The Broken Wheel. Boston: C. M. Clark Pub. Co.
Noyes, A. The Enchanted Island and Other Poems. Stokes & Co. $1.25 net.
Osborne, W. F. The Faith of a Layman. Cassell.
Otis, J. Richard of Jamestown: A Story of the Virginia Colony. Amer. Book Co. 35 cents.
Partridge, G. E. An Outline of Individual Study. Sturgis & Walton. $1.25 net.
Piñeyro, E. Blanco White. Bordeaux: Feret & Fils.
Randall, J. R. Poems. Tandy-Thomas Co. $1 net.
Report, Dept. of Commerce and Labor. Statistics of Cities Having a Population of Over 30,000: 1907. Washington: Gov. Printing Office.
Report of the Commissioner of Education. For the Year Ended June 30, 1909. Vol II. Washington: Gov. Printing Office.
Roberts, G. E. T. A Cavalier of Virginia. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. $1.50.
Rostand, E. Chantecler. Lemcke & Buechner.
Schaff, P. History of the Christian Church. Vol. V, Part ii. Scribner. $3.25 net.
Schock, G. Hearts Contending. Harper. $1.50.
Sedgwick, A. D. Franklin Winslow Kane. Century Co. $1.50.
Snow-Fire. By the author of "The Martyrdom of an Empress." Harper. $1.50 net.
Stainer, J. The Organ: A Manual of the True Principles of Organ Playing. Ditson. $1.
Todd, M. L. A. Cycle of Sunsets. Boston: Small, Maynard. $1.20 net.
Tozzer, A. M., and Allen, G. M. Animal Figures in the Maya Codices. Peabody Museum, Harvard Univ., Cambridge.
Upham, A. A. An Introduction to Agriculture. Appleton.
Walker, H. The Literature of the Victorian Era. Cambridge University Press.
Ward, Mrs. H. Lady Merton, Colonist. Doubleday, Page. $1.50.
Watts, M. S. Nathan Burke. Macmillan. $1.50.
Webster, H. K. The Sky-Man. Century Co. $1.20 net.
White, B. The Book of Daniel Drew. Doubleday, Page. $1.50 net.
Whitney, G. C. I Choose; Yet Speaketh He. 2 vols. Boston: Sherman, French. $1, 80 cents.

Ready This Week

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The author was born at Vevay, Indiana, 1839, practised law in Virginia; served in the Confederate Army, was Literary Editor of the New York *Evening Post* for 6 years, Editor of the *Commercial Advertiser* (now the *Globe*); and for 11 years Editorial writer for *The World*.

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